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Novels in the First Person, by André Maurois, on page 70

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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An Editor's Day

WE have no proper editorial for this column today because heterogeneous duties have been too much for us. They have assailed us steadily since first we threw open the office window to glance at the silver mooring mast of the Empire State building wreathed about by scudding mists till now when a telephone call from the printer's breaks the evening solitude of the room with a demand for dummies. We had meant before that summons came to produce some eight hundred words of literary reflection, some discussion of the incidence of living on writing or of the inability of incidental writing to support living, but our plans having gone aglee we are reduced to reflecting nothing more than our day's occupations.

Nine-thirty o'clock, and a mass of mail confronting us. Reviews that should have reached us weeks ago from errant critics, some bearing the postmark of European countries, others stamped no further away than Maine or Vermont, batches of incredibly bad poetry inclosed in letters jocular or stereotyped asking for their consideration, appeals from charitable organizations for everything ranging from relief for China to books for prisoners, detestable flimsies from publishers proclaiming the virtues of forthcoming volumes and letters from others informing us of the quite remarkable qualities of works some of which we expect to see gracing the remainder shelves before next winter, petitions that we settle the source of an Ella Wheeler Wilcox-like quotation, and all the miscellaneous inquiry and reply and announcement that comes to the editorial desk.

Ten o'clock, and a printer's boy at our elbow as we hastily edit copy which has arrived special delivery in response to our agitated appeal of last night for a review that had been promised for the preceding day and scheduled for the current issue, and which, unless it had come to hand at this moment, would have left us unable to print it coincidentally with the release of the book it deals with.

Ten minutes [illegible] ten, and a departing printer's boy in collision at our doorway with a venerable and esteemed friend, a colleague of newspaper days and no longer a resident of this country, whom we see enter with delight and reluctantly bid farewell an hour later, though for some fifteen minutes we have been uneasily aware that a publisher has been awaiting us in the reception room.

Quarter past eleven, and enter the publisher under a load of galley proofs that by Fall will be taking their place as full-fledged books in the shops. We listen the while he describes them to us, wishing we had time to read them as thoroughly as he has, thinking that probably because of too steady application to them and their like he looks as though he needed a vacation, and feeling sure that though his thoughts are momentarily on what he is saying, his brooding blue eyes bespeak a mind that is inwardly pondering life and its problems.

A thirty-minute interval wherein we exchange the time of day with one of our associates, talk to another publisher, who, not having had enough of books with those he himself helps to bring out, goes off with a batch of our detective stories, answer half a dozen telephone calls, stack newly arrived volumes twenty high on our desk for examination, and leave them there while we go out to lunch with a young aspirant for reviewing and deliver informal instruction on its manner that brings us back at two-thirty to our office.

Two-thirty-one, and we greet a waiting professor whose article on an American writer of the past we have asked to see with a view to the possibility of printing it in our paper.

Two-forty-five, and exit the professor with a briefcase under one arm and an oil painting under the other, leaving us to make our apologies to the unknown gentleman who has been awaiting his departure to lay some suggestions before us. His is one of the tragedies all too heartbreakingly general in these times, of the accomplished and recognized writer who has fallen upon evil days and to whom his fellow workers owe at the very least as much of their time as he may desire. He is very considerate of ours, so we have fifteen minutes before it is—

Three-forty-five, and with it one of our colleagues with the latest news of one sort and another that is being bruited about in the publishing world, and with comment and suggestion and criticism of such high value to the *Saturday Review* that an hour is all too short to compass it.

Five o'clock, and we get the dummies under way,

(*Continued on page* 67)

Pheasant's Cage

By ISABEL FISKE CONANT

I WATCHED, through net-work wire, a royal pheasant.
His tenuous crest spread on the blossomy air
In mating mood. He made me very pleasant
Bird-music in his throat. He spoke in fair
Sweet nuptial sounds such as I never heard
Till then. It was the time of all the year
When you behold the colors of the bird
Transmuted into murmurs, melody-clear.

This feathered masterpiece became a creature
More lovely than the rose called talisman,
More gentle than the treading dove by nature,
Gentle as Jove come down to be a swan.
And in his eye there burned the jeweled fire
Of every mortal body's bright desire.

This Week

"New England Holiday."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM.

"Shadows on the Rock."
Reviewed by GOVERNOR WILBUR CROSS.

"Brothers in the West."
Reviewed by CLINTON SIMPSON.

"Pan's Parish."
Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN.

"The Cross of Carl."
Reviewed by GROFF CONKLIN.

"King Cotton Diplomacy."
Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD.

Pegasus Perplexing: A Charade Contest.

Auto-da-Fé.
By PAUL EATON REEVE.

Next Week, or Later

"The Colonel's Daughter."
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

What Is the Modern Mind?

By KENNETH SAUNDERS

"WORDS," says Confucius, "must be made to fit things." It is a counsel of perfection. They hardly ever do. For like the Chinese characters of which he was thinking, they are at best symbols. But his was an age of transition like ours, and he strove to cling to old values which were being lost. At such times words are themselves changing their meaning, and much hangs upon redefining them. A philosopher now in the Orient has written a book called "The Meaning of Meaning," and has decided to write another on "The Meaning of Meaning of Meaning." He finds ample illustration in the long history of Asia of this continual change. Each generation must try to keep pace with the words it uses, and ours is playing strange tricks with words. We hear soldiers described as "militarists" when they very seldom are: and a "humanist" may be anything according to the context.

The word "modernism" is also in this fluid condition, and in the same book it is used to mean several different things. Mr. Lippmann in his "Preface to Morals" uses it here of the scientific spirit of experimentation and there of the very unscientific spirit of city-dwellers, in whose minds "whirl is king." Its adjective "modern" is in even worse case. When applied to art, it sometimes means something very like "primitive," as the modern age harks back to such primitives as African fetishes. Modern music has developed largely through a return to medieval folksongs,—breaking away from classical models, recognized as bonds. So modern furniture may be anything which is not imitative of a classical past, which seeks beauty in structural efficiency, and refuses to cover up the fine texture of its wood. This is, of course, the essence of *old* Japanese architecture and furniture; and what makes it modern for us is the spirit of revolt and experiment, the spirit of honesty. We are bluntly honest in uncovering other things too; but so was Terence, and so were Elizabethans and Caroleans.

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The furniture of the mind is more slowly adapted to changed conditions, and we often find a very unmodern mind lodged in a body which flies in aeroplanes, and uses all the machinery of modern life to its own medieval ends. To belong to the age of invention is not necessarily to be modern. Nor is the modern spirit merely that of the "invention of invention," as Mr. Lippmann suggests.

Mr. Ford is modern indeed in his own sphere, a pioneer and an innovator, but he has been mid-Victorian in his paternalism, medieval in his anti-semitism, ante-deluvian in his attitude to art. We are all partly modern and partly un-modern; a man who understands the social and economic trends of his time may live in a medieval house like William Morris, and seek the expression of medieval beauty in the modern world.

If honesty and experimentation are key-words of the modern age another is "partnership." It is deep-rooted in the natural order. Einstein says "there is partnership between Time and Space," and biology recognizes that the successful insects and animals are the coöperative ones. Man must catch up with nature! Partnership is gradually taking the place of paternalism in the family, in the

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school, in government, in business, and in race relations.

It is this attitude which is changing so much of our thinking about sex, and Mr. Krutch's "The Modern Temper" deals largely with this changing emphasis. This attitude of respect and coöperation is a religious attitude, one of reverence. It is opposed to those very things which many, Mr. Krutch among them, hail as the hallmarks of modernism. They are "humanists" in the strict sense that they oppose any theistic view of the universe which they call loveless as well as godless, whereas a nerve of partnership is to be found in the old view of a democratic god who, having made the rules of the universe, yet allows his creatures freedom to break them. All such attempts as Mr. Lippmann's to superannuate theocracy must fail, for it is rooted in those very fastnesses of "high religion" which he finds most modern. Thus, though he denies it, the Fourth Gospel accepts the divine will as its foundation, and gives itself to the description of the creative reason at work among men. Buddhism, which he rightly takes as another type of high religion, postulates a universe lawful to the core; it soon developed into the cult of an eternal Buddha, whose children and servants men are, free to accept or to refuse law and worship.

The truly modern spirit is very far, too, from being determinist. "I may be an ass," says a modern scientist, "but I am not an automaton"; it is unscientific to deny freedom to man, and to attribute it to the primitive atom.* The determinist position is untenable, and no great physicist was ever a materialist. From Bacon to Clerk Maxwell, Kelvin, Eddington, and Einstein, students of matter have seen very clearly that, as Jeans puts it, "the universe looks more like a great thought than a great machine." And great biologists know too much about the mechanism of life to be mechanists. They see the amazing coördination—"wheels within wheels"—of this machine of ours.

As to the revolt against law—there is nothing very modern about that. Man like the rest of nature is subject to law; he alone resents it! But it is clear that democracy is at stake in the present lawlessness. And cynicism, like pessimism, is a symptom not of the modern temper but of an ancient distemper which attacks flabby societies. The iron enters their soul as it leaves their arteries. Work and duty are the best tonics for this anæmia.

It is tabus which the modern man must get rid of, not sanctions; and much modernism is concerned with this sloughing off of inhibitions. Just as,—just because—American Protestantism made so much of sex in its ethic, so American modernism is a new Protestantism, making revolt against outworn tabus its very citadel. But while a revolt against shams in this field is timely and healthy, experimentation is neither!

The modern man will be in sympathy with this revolt; but he will not lightly throw overboard those things by which society has advanced, to seize at every new fashion. He will recognize that it is impossible to be modern in everything; but will seek truth, trying to understand new movements such as those in psychology, mathematics, and physics—still hidden from our philosophy departments for the most part, however modernist they may have seemed a few years ago. He will ask the humanist, "Have you taken man as your measure, or only a part of man?" and will confront the later pragmatists with their founder in America. He will insist with William James that "the mystic has massive historic vindication," and recognize that out of this strange experience of certain gifted minds have come some of the most astonishing revolutions in history.

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As he looks at the world of today, he will ask what is the secret of the amazing social revolution which Gandhi is leading, and find that this very modern man with his finger upon every pulse of his people, his acid tests, and his astute checkmating of the opposition, is a mystic with a medieval religion, modernized in patches but still cleaving to the superstition of cow-worship and accepting the whole theory of caste. What is the power of this realistic idealist, of whom Will Rogers has said that there is only one thing to do with one who practices his ideals so uncompromisingly—"put the nut in jail?" Is this "nut" the linch-pin of a new social order, in which the masses are of supreme importance? If Gandhi's program—lifting up the untouchables, reconciling Hindus and Mohammedans, emancipating women—is not a modern expression of partnership, where shall we find it?

His attitude to the English is similar. Let them stay in India on terms of mutual respect and cooperation, or he will have nothing to do with them. Seeking the best in other faiths, he has become much more modern than he knows, and his religion has become a synthesis of strands from various sources. Many Hindus call his pacifism "Christian": and he has in the spirit of Christ changed the term Sudra—"servant"—from one of abuse to one of honor. When an admirer said, "You are the true Brahmin," he replied "I hoped I was the true Sudra." He says "We must win freedom for humanity," and his "Experiments with Truth" will become a classic in an age of experiment.

The pragmatist will also have to examine carefully that very representative Japanese, Toyohiko Kagawa, poet, novelist, social reformer, and preacher of an orthodox Christianity with wide social applications. He, too, has a passionate belief in God and in human freedom, and his whole movement centers in the "Kingdom of God,"—in that very theocracy which Mr. Lippmann and Mr. Krutch find impossible to the modern mind.

He is so expert in modern conditions that the Japanese Government have put him at the head of their Bureau of Social Service. His spirit of partnership came out in his acceptance: "I will be your servant on two conditions: first, that you obey me, and second, that you do not pay me." Here then, heading enormous movements of social change and bringing ancient countries into line with the modern world, stand two believers in God and in human freedom, so lately called superstitions of the unmodern man.

* * *

Perhaps it is our education that is in need of modernization. It must be philosophical enough to face the facts of human nature in their widest bearings, to study the movements of our times. Nature and man are its study, but what does it teach of three-fourths of the race? If college students are taught mechanistic philosophy, a mid-Victorian Marxian history, and too little mathematics to understand modern physics; if they are inhibited from looking steadily at socialism in Japan, or at anti-imperialism in India, or at the revolt against capitalism in Russia, then the universities become fastnesses of old-fogyism. An immense revolution is needed if youth is to be emancipated from the unrealistic mind of half-literate spinsters in its earlier stages, and from the dogmatism of illiterate doctors of philosophy in the second period of its adolescence. Only educated people—only modern people—can educate modern youth.

The real contrast today would seem to be between the well educated and the badly educated. This is much more important than any other distinction, and it is this which is the line of cleavage within religious groups. The modernist there is one who recognizes with Erasmus that "by identifying the new learning with heresy you make orthodoxy synonymous with ignorance." In his attempt to decode old truths, to debunk old legends, and to "delouse" bad attitudes, which have entangled themselves with the religious complex in matters of social and racial relations, he is fighting ignorance entrenched.

It is a grim battle, and he must have a norm or standard. As Rodin believed that sculptors would never surpass Phidias, so many modernists ask whether in religion also there is not a classic norm in the person of Jesus. We are certainly far from having understood or carried out his ideals, which center in partnership,—between God and man, and among men. A rabbi listening to a facetious Protestant pastor describing the Jewish heaven as full of gold and of Jews swapping crowns, said, "I, too, have seen a vision of the Christian heaven. It was very much like ours; but there was no one in it." There is too much truth in the jibe of Nietzsche that "there was only one Christian, and he was crucified." At any rate his loving spirit still awaits embodiment in society. He still speaks "with authority," for he is far ahead of us all.

* * *

We are apt to listen to the captains of industry as oracles; and there is a real distinction here between our time, and that out of which it has emerged. "The Middle Ages," says Dean Inge, "made a business of religion, our age makes a religion of business." How little the great ones know, even of this, is now evident: and it may well be that the religious mind with its sense that "the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," may have something to contribute here. With more than twenty million out of work, and with the baffling problems of over-production and under-consumption,—grain rotting in one land, famine in another,—we realize that until men deal with the world as a unit, and ration its raw materials in the interests of humanity, we shall find no solution. Mr. Lloyd George has shown his amazing youthfulness once more in calling attention to the dire need for world-conference in these matters. The United States is trusting too much to her captains of industry, many of them ill-educated. A very modern Chinese poet of thirteen centuries ago wrote these lines:

> These business men to vaunt their skill are wont,
> But they are children in philosophy.
> To the ends of life itself they give no thought,
> Yet boast of winning by chicanery:
> What should they know of its Dark Mystery?

Who could make this little satire of ninth century China more modern?

> Poor red cockatoo from Annam sent,
> You speak man-speech there in your gilt cage pent—
> Like all the learned and the eloquent
> In bondage to the dull and opulent.

It is the cry of the intelligentsia ever in the pay of the unintelligent, and another poem goes on to say that the poet, wrecked through intelligence, hopes his infant son will be stupid—

> So will he crown a life secure
> With cabinet-rank, a sinecure.

Yet the intelligentsia are given comparative leisure; and it is for them to use it wisely, and to educate others to do so. The machine age is going to leave men more leisure, and they must be taught to enjoy it, and to use it quietly and sanely. Then the modern world will learn to know God and man. "Be still and know that I am God" was the motto chosen by a far-sighted millionaire in founding a desert-school, where boys might be alone in the mountains and under the stars to prepare themselves for leadership of the new age. Modern Japan has sprung from the brains of Zen Buddhists, who learnt to be silent and to think clearly. So only can the ends of life be distinguished from its means. And it is here perhaps that the Orient has most to teach us. Though it is not "modern" yet, in the sense that it is still largely pre-industrial, yet it has a truer sense of values, and a mellow wisdom. Seven centuries ago a Chinese expressed the ideal of—

> Production without possessiveness,
> Activity without aggressiveness,
> Development without domination.

And China, seeking furiously to be modern, begins to look back to some of her own wise men such as Motze who taught universal love, and the mystic Lao-tze and his "spontaneity." How modern is his saying, "Govern a great country as you cook a small fish: do not overdo it."

* * *

To understand the movements of our time we must have a philosophy which harmonizes the various elements of life. We cannot go anywhere unless we have a goal and a compass. And the average man is not so good a guide in these things as the normal man, the true man of the great religions. If democracy depends on the average man it will be forever a colossal mediocrity. It must base itself on the norm of great types. Such a man has Confucius been for China, the true *Chuang-tze* or gentleman: and such for Asia has that "Brother of Men" the Buddha been: while we in the West have found the true norm, that is the true Son of Man, in Jesus. These were all idealists, believing that men are free. They would say to the historian, "History repeats itself, if we let it. It is ours to change it." They would say to the economist, "Man cannot live by bread alone"; he is not a mere economic man, but will die for an idea, and live for an ideal. How modern the psychologist Adler is, because his idealism is based upon careful study; and with what a surprise many universities heard him say, "Not environment nor heredity, but the ideal that he sets before himself, this is what really determines a man's life." With even more surprise great crowds (who had paid well for their tickets) heard the modern and experimental Bertrand Russell preach his mid-Victorian sermon "How to Be Happy." He said in effect "To have a good wife and be true to her; to have good children and be loyal to them; to have a good job and work at it; to leave the world better than we

*"God," said a grandson of William James at the age of eight, "is the self-starter."

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found it—this is the secret that I have discovered." After how circuitous experimentation! It is well to notice this emphasis on goodness and duty. The clock which goes by machinery is a good clock if it is a good automaton. But the wife and child are good in proportion as they are autonomous, and deliberately choose the better way. The job is good if we make it good: the world becomes better if we cooperate in making it so. Mr. Lippmann's naïve surprise that "a good God did not make men good" here finds its answer. God is a democratic ruler, and his subjects must make up their own minds whether to obey or to rebel; whether to coöperate or to oppose. The "meek" are those who coöperate: they "inherit the earth."

Chinese stability, in spite of short-lived and licentious dynasties, is due to the "meekness" of the Chinese people. "The people naturally prone to goodness will be good if the government is good," is their theory, and though the government has seldom been good, the people have carried on steadily, with amazing good humor. They have the essence of democracy in their ideal of doing the will of T'ien, or Heaven; and if the ruler didn't do it, he was "allowed to travel."

China got rid of feudalism two thousand years ago, and developed an amazing social democracy. The new China turns to that very modern figure, Abraham Lincoln, with his "government for the people, of the people, by the people," and re-expresses this in the principles of Sun Yat Sen, under whose leadership she has set herself to work out her own salvation, by freeing herself from external control, by educating herself, and by converting social democracy into political freedom. Lincoln and Sun Yat Sen were modern because they knew men, and because they realized the spirit of their times; they called for partnership, and for the liberation of new spiritual resources in its consummation.

Refusing mere humanism and rejecting mechanism, determinism, and pessimism, believing in men and their freedom, the modern mind will above all be an humble mind. It will bow before a universe of such baffling complexity yet such amazing coördination, and it will claim as of the company of the modernists the great mystic who wrote the immortal words "In the beginning was the divine reason." He would not have taken thought to be modern, but he spoke the language of the intellectuals of his day. Appealing to the latent idealism of man, the modern leader will agree with him, and with Plato that truth, goodness and beauty are the key-words of the good society, and with Jesus that the human values are the true values.

Will he not also stand with Lao-tze, Sakyamuni and Jesus in their reasoned pacifism? It is this which most strongly attracts the leaders of Asia to the Sermon on the Mount. Hou Shih has just extolled this pacifism which links it with the Tao-te-King: Gandhi says "It competes with the "Gita" on equal terms for my allegiance;" and Kagawa has written a brilliant book on it: "Here," he says, "is the foundation for the new society." All three agree with it that man is free in a reasonable universe to live according to reason, and can keep the peace if he will. Like Einstein and Eddington they are pacifists. So are the signatories of the Kellogg Pact! But the furniture of our minds needs changing to catch up with them.

New England Aquarium

NEW ENGLAND HOLIDAY. By CHARLES ALLEN SMART. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

THERE is something incalculable about a house party. One may know a good deal about each of the members separately and even a little of certain ones in relation to certain others, but there is never any telling what may come out of a more inclusive combination. Personalities in solution are dangerous playthings. The feeling that almost anything may happen any minute adds an excellent note of suspense to Mr. Smart's spontaneous and diverting novel of thirteen young people who spend a week-end together in a New England village.

The young people in "New England Holiday" are more like those found in life than in fiction. They are neither so repressed nor so abandoned, so precocious nor so retarded, as the members of the now well-known younger generation who have blazed their extremist way through the novels since the war. If they agonize in private, they maintain a fairly witty poise in public; and if they find themselves gratifyingly complex upon introspective analysis, they are forthright enough in the give and take of tea or dinner.

The story of the two days' house-party is told from the point of view of each person in turn. Each character is given a chapter in which to record his impressions. Some of these take the form of letters or journals, others seem more nearly the direct presentation of consciousness. The host's tale comes first, with his vague apprehensions as to the success of the whole affair, his uneasiness as to the impact of personality on personality, and his résumé of the bidden guests which gives the reader just enough clue to their characters to make their appearance of moment.

The host remains fairly outside the emotional embroilments that overtake so many of his guests. His character changes less than any of the others with the shifting of the angle of vision. Most of them take shape slowly and grow little by little before our eyes. There are too many characters to permit of even the briefest cataloguing, and they are so diversified that it would be unfair to select any one or two as typical. The style, too, changes with the putative writers, as may be glimpsed from a pertinent characterization of one of the men: "He was a great

WILLA CATHER

reader, and was so careful to understand so many different ways of thinking about everything that he had no opinions of his own, that I could see"; and an impertinent one of one of the women: "She was made to drink wine and run around naked in the sunlight, and since I have never had the privilege of seeing her do either, and since I am not a Bronzed Athlete, I find her, as the daughter of a Unitarian clergyman and a girl scout executive, definitely wearing."

There are freshness and variety in the book, despite its compactness, for different scenes are significant to different characters, and some find it necessary to dig a bit into the past to understand the present, while others venture a little into the future. The effect of all this shifting of viewpoints and darting about in time gives something the impression one gets from watching brilliant and multi-colored fish flashing back and forth in the water. Only after some study can their outlines and tints be exactly realized: New England Aquarium.

An Editor's Day

(*Continued from page* 65)

pasting here the blue proofs that indicate material freshly set up and there the yellow that mean articles carried over from previous weeks, and leaving in this very column a gaping blank that is to be this retrospect of a day.

Eight o'clock, and a printer's sudden voice: "Shall we send for the pages now?"

Nothing accomplished, nothing done,—but nothing disturbs our night's repose.

Men and Images

SHADOWS ON THE ROCK. By WILLA CATHER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by GOVERNOR WILBUR CROSS

SOMETIMES a novelist's art may be summarized in a happy title. Twice Edith Wharton thus betrayed her art. "The House of Mirth" was in the end anything but a house of mirth. "The Age of Innocence" was anything but an age of innocence. As in these novels, Mrs. Wharton's attitude towards persons and things has been consistently ironical. Likewise, Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" and "Babbitt" by their very titles forecast the drab life of Middle Western towns, with satirical intent.

Willa Cather's art has passed through several phases. In "O! Pioneers" and "My Ántonia," her subject was mainly the early settlers on Nebraska plains among Yankee, Bohemian, French, German, Scandinavian, and Russian immigrants. There they are as she saw them in the flesh in her childhood and youth. Subsequently, she moved her scene south to Colorado and eventually to New Mexico also, where she sojourned later. But of gross observation there is little or none. Everywhere she selects significant incidents, rarely working them too hard, for bringing out the characteristics of the men and women whom she depicts. When as in "The Song of a Lark" she becomes more liberal with incident, she succeeds less well. The novel which she can best manage is comparatively short, like "A Lost Lady," which in the opinion of many, still remains her masterpiece.

Outwardly, Miss Cather has moved far in her method. At first she adopted the traditional form of the novel, rather loose in construction. Then, as in "The Professor's House," she began to experiment with the biographical manner, which she has come to like best of all. "A Lost Lady" is her one study of a situation such as we almost always have in the novels of Edith Wharton. But throughout all of Miss Cather's work there is a lyrical quality which at times rises to genuine poetry. You see it in her earliest work. No one, for example, can ever forget the way she brings into "My Ántonia" the plough magnified to a great black image against a glorious sunset as a symbol of the life on the Nebraska prairies. The lyrical mood, which climbs to its height in "Death Comes for the Archbishop," is the prime characteristic which separates Miss Cather from her two outstanding contemporary novelists.

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Her title, "Shadows on the Rock," the happiest one yet, seems to have behind it a philosophy of life and of art too. Are we but shadows projected upon a scene, whether the scene be on the plains or on the slope of a fortress? Or are the men and women, whom we observe and watch everyday or whom we read about in old books, but shadows to us after all? Can we penetrate the inner consciousness and tell the world what is going on in the mind, as Virginia Woolf and others profess to do? Well, Miss Cather will do the best she can and leave it to her readers to determine whether she ever gets behind the shadows. She does not fall into the old fallacy of thinking that she sees things as they are. Nobody knows what they really are. She renders them as they appear to her, well knowing that they may appear to others differently. Nothing quite exists outside the mind that perceives, infers, reasons. Miss Cather's mind has a romantic glow.

In the time of which she writes in her latest novel, Quebec was not much more than a village of two thousand inhabitants living on the slope of the fortress and down by the river. For its economic existence, it relied upon trading with the Indians; too often, furs for brandy. It was, too, the outpost for missionary work with them, along the St. Lawrence and far back in the woods. Vast domains were explored and claimed for France. It was a New France north of a New England. Miss Cather's purpose is to tell about the life of the people on the rock, far from home. Most of all she dwells upon the mentality of the immigrants who brought into the wilderness with them the ideas of a well-ordered universe which had become fixed in their minds by the teachings of the Catholic Church when they were children in France. God and the angels were always near them in the beauty of the landscape, in the sun and the moon and the stars, and in the many miracles God wrought for their happiness. So there was little

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or no sickness for the home they had left beyond the sea. What was tragic in their lives is kept well in the background. Everywhere the colony is invested with a poetic glamour by beautiful descriptions of the rock through the changing seasons of the year.

> It was the first day of June. Before dawn a wild calling and twittering of birds in the bushes on the cliff-side above the apothecary's back door announced clear weather. When the sun came up over the Ile d'Orleans, the rock of Kebec stood gleaming above the river like an altar with many candles, or like a holy city in an old legend, shriven, sinless, washed in gold.

There is no study of character in detail. There is nothing comparable to the great missionary priests in "Death Comes for the Archbishop." The tone is subdued to a poetic atmosphere which must be maintained. Purposely the sketches are slight and delicate like the pastels of Latour or Watteau. Action is reduced to a minimum. Of political history just enough is given to fix the time and the scene; no more. Characters come and go in glimpses. Here and there is comment or an anecdote or a short strip of biography. Quarrels are indicated rather than described. The clash between Bishop Laval and his successor, Saint-Vallier, is but a clash of temperaments. The hardships of Pierre Charron, the fur trader, who subsisted in the woods with the Indians on dried eels and dog meat boiled with blueberries, are toned down by a half-humorous narrative. So throughout. So far as the story is held together, it is by Auclair, the apothecary and medical advisor to the Count de Frontenac, and by Auclair's charming daughter, Cécile, about whom we learn most as we see them in their daily routine or on an evening reading aloud Plutarch or La Fontaine. Indeed, the apothecary's shop, where men and women of all classes go for herbs to cure their ills, is the center towards which the tale drifts, until we come to the lyrical afterglow in the death of Frontenac, who as he lies dying waves a feeble gesture with his left hand as a silent command that the priests and nuns kneeling by the bedside rise and draw back. The last battle must be fought alone. The great shadow passes on and leaves the rock in full splendor. A new age is at hand.

A novelist who tries an unaccustomed form must expect that many readers will be disappointed. It is always a risk. Why not another "Lost Lady" or another "Death Comes for the Archbishop"? Miss Cather willed otherwise. "Shadows on the Rock" is quite of another kind. In some respects it resembles Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" where scenes and character's separate and coalesce at the command of the author, and at last fall into an exquisite harmony of tone and atmosphere. The characterization, because it is brief, must be deft. Necessarily, much is left to the imagination. Miss Cather loves particularly the eyes. Of Saint-Vallier, Auclair remarks to his daughter: "What restless eyes he has, Cécile; they run all over everything, like quicksilver when I spill it." And Cécile's eyes, when her heart was touched, grew dark "like the blue of Canadian blueberries." In other instances, it is a hand or a gesture or a movement of the face that subtly reveals character. It is all a delicate art, more difficult than the art of the traditional novel. Few have ever measurably succeeded. Miss Cather is among these few.

The Loyalty of Brothers

BROTHERS IN THE WEST. By Robert Raynolds. New York: Harper & Bros. 1931. $2.50.

Reviewed by Clinton Simpson

THE Harper Prize has been awarded this year to "Brothers in the West," a first novel by a young man who was born in New Mexico and has lived and travelled in the country about which he writes. His novel is set against a background of the West in the old days, before railroads had been built beyond the Mississippi and when settlers in most of the Western states were still far apart. The novel recaptures some of the color of those times, and tells a story of brotherly loyalty that is almost mythical in character. The book also gives a sense of constantly shifting scenes, as the brothers travel throughout the West—in short, a sense of physical movement.

David and Charles, two men of unusual physical strength and stature, are inseparable companions. Throughout their lives, in their loves, adventures, and disappointments, they remain together, always attracting other people to themselves and never giving themselves to any one else. They travel, first west from the Missouri and, years later, up from Mexico into the mountains, gathering followers and dependents as they go. After the household is settled on a ranch, and their wives are old and forgotten, and they themselves are old, they die, still together, atop a mesa—as had been predicted, within sight of the place of their birth.

In the minor characters we catch a glimpse of the kind of people wandering over the West at the time, and something of the conditions they lived under. David's wife is kidnapped by the brothers from a French settler on the Missouri, a man who follows them across the prairies to retrieve his wife but succumbs before the brother's superior strength and charm and becomes their friend. Carlota comes to Charles from a Mexican hacienda, and others—among them Carlota's sister, a settler's boy, a priest, and an aging settler—through accidental encounters and circumstances of various kinds.

A profusion of incident and episode, descriptions of new scenes and people, and a multiplicity of details give breadth to the canvas but do not succeed in making clear a significant design. The author's talent is apparent not in characterization, but in description and simple factual narrative of the kind that gives the physical feel and tang of events. The first part of the book—that which tells of the brothers' flight across the prairies—is the best. When the author attempts certain heights or depths of experience—as when he describes the passionate Karin, for instance, or the travellers' prayers and talks of God—the tone of his prose becomes false. In short, the novel is a bit over-ambitious, and for the most part two-dimensional.

Pan among the Peasants

PAN'S PARISH. By Louise Redfield Peattie. New York: The Century Company. 1931. $2.

Reviewed by Amy Loveman

GREAT Pan still lives, or at least did still live so late as 1857, when the Lady Amabel Perriss, coming upon him of a sunlit noontide on the bright slope of a vineyard clad hill in Provence, vanished as completely from the ken of her friends as though one of the great pottery jars of the neighborhood had swallowed her up. The lovely Lady Amabel disappeared to the dismay of her relatives and the lasting wonder of the little town of Fantosque, and none ever heard of her again, though it is just possible that the peasant woman with a hamper of grapes on her hip or the Madonna of the violet-sprigged dress might have offered some clue to her whereabouts if any had thought to question her. At any rate, Amabel's legend lived on, and was told to all and sundry who passed through the tiny hamlet clinging to the crags of the Provençal mountainside. A gentle tale, fragrant with the perfume of a summer day, and like a summer day at once shining and wistful, it constitutes the first and longest of the triad of stories of that Fantosque which Mrs. Peattie is pleased to call "Pan's Parish," and provides the slender thread on which she binds together her episodes in its history.

It is not ingenuity of incident—though its incidents are pleasing—that lends interest to Mrs. Peattie's book, for the second and third of her tales, the one the account of a priest who lost his faith and found it, and the other that of the coming of a child born to bring death to one woman and ecstasy to another—are quite as simple and quiet as the first. What gives it charm and distinction—and it has both—is the grace of its telling, the delicacy with which mood and character are conveyed, the subtlety of the satire which plays so smilingly yet revealingly over what it touches, and the poetic appreciation that transfers to the printed page something of the bountiful loveliness of the Provençal country and the simple faith of its people.

Mrs. Peattie has a facile pen which she holds well in leash, a pretty fancy, and sentiment that escapes sentimentality. Of her three tales, the first two are greatly superior to the last which fails successfully to fuse the double train of episodes necessary to its dénoûement. The convention which forces the three into the form of a sustained romance, divided into chapters, instead of frankly presenting them as the separate stories which they are, is purely artificial, and is unfortunate since it gives rise to an expectation of development which is never realized. They are no more organically a whole than those tales of a similar locale which William J. Locke more wisely presented as a collection of short stories in "The Town of Tombarel," and it had been better to let them stand as like individual episodes.

But if the faults of Mrs. Peattie's book are obvious on the most casual reading, its merits are no less patent. It is redolent of the fields and the vineyards, delicate yet burnished, a fantasy that leans to realism in its portrayal of the Fontesquais people—of the gentle priest whose doubts and keenness of intellect Heaven saw fit to wipe out for the peace of his soul, of little Madeloun who dying wrought a miracle for another, of François, through whose love two women died and a third achieved vicarious motherhood, and of all the simple folk among whom they lived and who to the end of their days marvelled at the disappearance of Lady Amabel. A dainty and a tender book, skilfully wrought and graciously conceived.

The War in Full Horror

THE CROSS OF CARL. By Walter Owen. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1931. $1.50.

Reviewed by Groff Conklin

THIS is probably the most remarkable book that has yet come out on the World War; and more than that, it may well take its place as being one of the finest.

In an introduction to the book by General Sir Ian Hamilton, comparisons not unfavorable to the author are made with Blake, Wagner, Coleridge, de Quincey, and Jean Paul Richter. It is a wide statement to make, that none of those writers have ever surpassed in their own particular fields the effect that Walter Owen has achieved in this amazing book; but it is true.

Mr. Owen states, in a single-line admonition, "Everything in this story is purely symbolical." From the viewpoint of art as observation, this is true, since the author, who has written one of the most cruelly realistic descriptions of the war, never fought in it. But the descriptions are so utterly real that even a seasoned soldier such as General Hamilton states that no one who has written on the war—including such honestly realistic writers as Tomlinson, Remarque, and Barbusse—has ever equalled the concentrated realism of "The Cross of Carl."

Yet the whole thing is a vision—because the author, an Argentinian, never even left his native country during the whole period of the war. Due to a severe illness Owen, in 1916 and 1917, had to take to the use of opium; the effects of that habit are told in a concise and graphic note by the author. It was during one of the occasions when he was under the influence of the drug that, as he puts it, a personality dissociated from his own lived through the horrible events of the book. This psychopathical phenomenon will explain many of the more ghastly details of the story, but nothing can explain the incredible realism which this man who never saw a

(*Continued on next page*)

A Balanced Ration for Week-End Reading

THE DELICATE SITUATION. By Naomi G. Royde-Smith. *Harper's.*

A novel so perfectly in the Victorian manner as to produce the illusion of having been written in the last century. A book especially for those to whom art and craftsmanship appeal.

YEARS OF PLENTY. By the Ex-Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre. *Cape-Smith.*

An autobiographical chronicle presenting vignettes of contemporary Paris and Parisians.

THE CICADAS AND OTHER POEMS. By Aldous Huxley. *Doubleday, Doran.*

A collection of verse, satirical and philosophical.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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battlefield uses to describe one. Moreover, it was written down at the time of the vision, in 1917, long before any literary description of actual battle scenes could have gotten into print—much less any description of the non-existent "Utilization Factory."

The story is based on the cruel and fantastic piece of propaganda fostered during the war, known as the "Kadaver" lie. It is very brief, only ninety-two pages long.

Carl, a soldier only by bitter necessity, was fearfully wounded in his first battle, and is taken up as dead; stripped; tied in a bundle with three other corpses; and sent to "Utilization Factory of the Tenth Army Section," to be converted into commercially profitable products for "the Factory, though run under military organization, is run at a profit, must so run, or the shareholders will be angry." He is left lying on a platform at the end of the day, and rain awakens him from a blessed unconsciousness. He escapes after setting fire, accidentally, to the place, and wanders across a broad moor until in his encroaching insanity he finds a broken spade and digs himself a shallow grave. At dawn, two of the commanding officers, brutal and bureaucratic types, come across him. While they look down at the naked torn body, Carl stands up and faces them. His spirit is displaced, as one would say, the Over Spirit of the world, and he delivers one of the most beautiful and terrible anathemas it has been our fortune to read. Then one of the officers, fearing that this madman may spread disaffection among the troups, first wounds him with a revolver shot, and then breaks his neck with his heel. Afterwards, his wife is awarded a Cross of Merit. . . .

No review can do justice to this brief story. Whatever faults it may have—chiefly those of style, when the author uses grotesque childish words as though no others would fit—the total effect is completely, triumphantly successful. There is nothing of the wandering and diffused imagination that so often spoils the effect of a piece of pure imaginative literature; it is more concise, more direct, than the most realistic of war writing.

Stephen Crane's attempt in the same metier is, beside "The Cross of Carl," a cold and intellectual psychological study. This book flames and soars in its effect. The only way to criticise it honestly, is to request that everyone who has any interest in genuine literature should read it at once.

Cotton, a National Weapon

KING COTTON DIPLOMACY. Foreign Relations of the Confederate States of America. By FRANK LAWRENCE OWSLEY. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1931. $5.

STATE RIGHTS IN THE CONFEDERACY. By FRANK LAWRENCE OWSLEY. The same. $3.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

TO say that "King Cotton Diplomacy" is far and away the best history of Confederate diplomacy that has yet been written would not of itself be sufficiently descriptive of it, for while the book is an admirable example of thoroughgoing research it also develops a thesis whose demonstration necessitates not a little rewriting of the story of the Civil War. The foundation of the Confederacy, Professor Owsley correctly points out, was cotton, and Confederate diplomacy "centered around the well-known dependence of Europe, especially England and France, upon an uninterrupted supply of cotton from the Southern States." It was upon this dependence that the South, for more than two years, mainly relied to bring about some kind of European intervention, and whether intervention took the form of a denunciation of the blockade of Southern ports, or of mediation or recognition or recourse to arms, "the result would be the ending of the war, the opening of the source of cotton supply, and the independence of the Confederacy." There was nothing illogical in this view; on the contrary, the view rested upon logic, and its appeal was natural and convincing to a section which still, in marked contrast to the North, "accepted conclusions without mental reservations when drawn from a well-established premise."

Rather more than half of Professor Ownsley's book is devoted to the efforts of the Confederacy to use cotton as a diplomatic lever with England and France. Until well into the winter of 1862 the embargo that had been inaugurated by withholding cotton from shipment and supplement by reducing production and even burning some of the stock on hand was "just as near air-tight as human effort could make it." Unfortunately for Confederate hopes the time of the blow had been miscalculated, for while the cotton famine that had been looked for came eventually, it did not come when it was expected, primarily because of the huge stocks accumulated in England and France from the exceptionally large crops of 1859 and 1860; and from the spring of 1862 the embargo was gradually relaxed. The economic pressure which was to support the efforts of the Confederate diplomatists was, accordingly, thwarted.

Professor Owsley gives a graphic account of the distress which the cotton famine occasioned in England when it at last arrived, and of the slight and grudging charitable relief that was eventually granted. He is more than skeptical, however, of "the idealistic theory of the sympathy of the Lancashire population with the North as a sole explanation" of England's refusal to intervene. The agitations, mass meetings, and monster petitions against intervention have been taken, he thinks, "too much at their face value," while similar demonstrations organized by Southern propagandists "have been too much ignored." "The fact of the whole business is," he declares, "that these meetings, whether pro-Northern or pro-Southern, were not spontaneous but were drummed up by well-subsidized leaders and were frequently packed by the liberal use of small coin." The government had little to fear politically from unemployed operatives, most of whom had no vote, and while there was some danger that the demand for cotton might force England into war, the "docile and submissive British workmen . . . . required only enough to keep body and soul together, and the wealth of England saw that they had just this much and no more." Another legend of antislavery propaganda passes into the shades.

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An evisceration of the much-vaunted blockade policy is a further contribution which Professor Owsley makes to the history of the time. Of the approximately 160 vessels of various kinds that had been assembled by the end of 1861, "only a small proportion" were "naval vessels capable of strenuous action," and the *Merrimac* or a single British or French ironclad could have made short work of all of them. By the end of 1862, when the navy numbered four hundred vessels, and by the end of the war when the number had reached more than six hundred, hundreds of miles of the southern coast, although declared blockaded, were sometimes left unguarded. Without going exhaustively into the figures, Professor Owsley concludes that after the first year of the war, during which the blockade was "almost nonexistent," it was "never able to stop more than one vessel out of four on the Atlantic Coast, even toward the last, and certainly no more than that on the Gulf Coast." For Lincoln's course in ordering the blockade and continuing it Professor Owsley has nothing but condemnation. "To gain a doubtful advantage over the Confederacy," he writes, Lincoln

> flew in the face of all American precedents, all American permanent interests and doctrines of neutral maritime rights, vitiated the principles in the Declaration of Paris that a blockade to be binding must be effective, and thereby furnished an interpretation of the Declaration of Paris for Great Britain which was destined to release that Power from the one burdensome and objectionable feature of that pact. Over a century of struggle on the part of the weaker maritime Powers to force Great Britain to recognize the rights of neutrals on the high seas was rendered futile, and international law was put back where it was in the days of the orders in council and the Milan decree. Old Abe sold America's birthright for a mess of pottage.

Space forbids more than a mention of the elaborate account which Professor Owsley gives of the negotiations of Confederate agents in Europe, Confederate finances abroad, the building of the Confederate navy in Europe, Confederate relations with Mexico, and the revulsion of feeling that swept the South when it became clear that cotton diplomacy was failing and that intervention would not come. Summing up on the question why Europe did not intervene, Professor Owsley rejects the claims that either cotton or wheat had anything important to do with determining British policy. The cotton situation has already been mentioned. "Recent researches in the British archives," he declares, "disclose no concern with a wheat famine"; on the contrary, when in 1864 and 1865 the United States was able to supply its own munitions and no longer exported wheat to England for large munitions purchases there, "the latter country turned abruptly away from America to Russia and East Europe for her wheat supply." The controlling argument against intervention, Professor Owsley concludes, was war profits—huge profits in cotton goods, in revived linen and woolen manufactures, in munitions, and most of all in "the complete destruction of the American merchant marine directly or indirectly by the Confederate privateers and cruisers."

"State Rights in the Confederacy" is a reissue of a work first published in 1925. As the book was widely commented upon at its first appearance, nothing more need be said of it now than to recall that it expounds the argument that the Confederacy was not strangled by the blockade but died from an acute application of State rights, particularly in military matters, the suspension of the privilege of habeas corpus, and the impressment of property. Its reissuance now has been deemed timely because the researches upon which "King Cotton Diplomacy" is based are regarded by the author as still further confirming the soundness of the earlier thesis.

Pegasus Perplexing

NUMBER XIX

The lover seeks with strict propriety,
  Led by importunate affection,
My first's adorable society.
  (Envy alone can find objection.)

As to my next, behold how small-it-is!
  Less than a mite 'tis sure no giant.
It thwarts my wish to name its qualities,
  Against defining still defiant.*

My third, remote in its antiquity,
  By devotees of all that's "olden"
Is purged of sorrow and iniquity
  And glorified as great and golden.

My whole's a home without a wife in it.
  Screened from the vulgar crowd so madding,
A loafer leads a lonely life in it
  Without a thought of gadding.

**Alas, I am not infallible mentally;*
And thus it happens that accidentally
I've shown heedless want of veracity
In so restricting my second's capacity.

As a full fledged word, I am still afraid of it;
Yet research will prove that a noun may be made of it.
It is one of those things, I understand,
That a lexicographer has on hand.

NUMBER XX

My First

May Fortune fair deliver us
From rodents most granivorous
  Who gorge themselves with me.

My Second

Among the sightly eatables
That decorate our tea-tables
  I cannot fail to be.

My Whole

A mammy straight from Dixie land
Is what you need to mix me and
  To cook me to a *T*.

RULES

Throughout the summer months *The Saturday Review* will publish two charades in each issue of the magazine. the last charade to appear in the issue of August twenty-ninth.

It is our hope that readers of the paper will be interested in solving these puzzles and will submit answers at the conclusion of the contest. Prizes will consist of copies of the book from which the charades are taken, "Pegasus Perplexing," by Le Baron Russell Briggs, to be published by The Viking Press at the conclusion of the contest.

Contestants must solve correctly at least ten of the twenty-four charades in order to qualify. A prize will be awarded for each of the 100 highest scores obtained by those who qualify.

The highest score will win a copy of the book specially bound in leather.

In case of ties each tying competitor will receive the award.

Solve the charades each week as they appear, but do not send in your answers until the last charade is published on August twenty-ninth.

In submitting answers merely number them to correspond with the number of the charade to which they apply and mail the list to Contest Editor, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

All answers must be mailed not later than midnight of September tenth, 1931.

It is not required that competitors subscribe to the *Saturday Review;* copies of the magazine are available for free examination at public libraries or at the office of publication. The contest is open to everyone except employees of the *Saturday Review* and The Viking Press.

The accuracy of the answers will be verified by the editors of the *Saturday Review.*

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Novels in the First Person

IN his amusing and caustic novel entitled "Cakes and Ale," a novel written in the first person, Mr. Somerset Maugham says somewhere:

A little while ago I read in the *Evening Standard* an article by Mr. Evelyn Waugh in the course of which he remarked that to write novels in the first person was a contemptible practice. I wish he had explained why, but he merely threw out the statement with just the same take-it-or-leave-it casualness as Euclid used when he made his celebrated observation about parallel straight lines. I was much concerned and forthwith asked Alroy Kear (who reads everything, even the books he writes prefaces for) to recommend to me some works on the art of fiction. On his advice I read "The Craft of Fiction," by Mr. Percy Lubbock, from which I learned that the only way to write novels was like Henry James; after that I read "Aspects of the Novel," by Mr. Edwin Muir, from which I learned nothing at all. In none of them could I discover anything to the point at issue.

Alroy Kear, who, according to his creator, reads everything, even the books for which he writes prefaces, apparently does not read French criticism, for if he did he would have pointed out to Mr. Somerset Maugham two passages in which are to be found opinions similar to those of Evelyn Waugh, and which, like the latter, condemn novels written in the first person. The first, by André Gide, is curious; it is contained in a little book dedicated to Wilde. When Gide met the latter, he had just published "Nourritures Terrestres"; Wilde, speaking of it to him said: "It is very good, very good. . . . Only, my dear, promise me never again to use the first person." (Some years ago, talking to Gide of this phrase, I discovered that he approved of Wilde's suggestion.)

"But you at least admit, don't you," I said to him, "that a novel must have a hero or a heroine, a central figure around whom the novelist focusses his events and with whom the reader can more or less identify himself?"

"No, no," answered Gide, his voluminous cape floating out on the wind blowing off the Norman sea, "no, the great novelist places himself in the position of God. . . . Look at Tolstoy. Who is the hero of 'War and Peace?' Of 'Anna Karenina?' Anna, despite the title of the book, is not the leading character. There is no principal character; there ought not to be one."

The second of my French passages is by M. Albert Thibaudet, the critic of the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. M. Thibaudet says:

It is rarely that an author who depicts himself in a novel succeeds in investing his self-portrait with life. Born romancers, like Flaubert and Maupassant, convert themselves into a Frederic Moreau and a Bel-Ami. Balzac created only one unlifelike character, and that was when he attempted to mirror himself in Louis Lambert. The true romancer evolves his characters from all the possible contingencies of their lives; the less spontaneous one develops them solely along the lines of an actual experience.

It is my purpose to attempt to discover here on what possible grounds such outspoken condemnation can be justified, and then to endeavor to show wherein the arguments on which it is based seem inconclusive and under what circumstances it would appear justifiable to write novels (as did such great novelists as Daniel Defoe, Charles Dickens, and Marcel Proust) in the first person.

The first ground on which the disdain of criticism for the autobiographical novel rests, is that it, of all types, seems to be the easiest to write. Practically every writer, if he has led a life normally full of sentimental incident, has at hand the elements of a romantic confession. Proceeding on this belief, the veteran Paul Souday, a man of much experience and one who has read thousands of "first novels," is wont to say that in order to judge of the quality of a new novelist one must wait for his second book. Men of intelligence, even though they may have lacked creative ability, have proved capable of writing a single romance—their own (take, for example, Benjamin Constant with his "Adolphe," Fromentin with his "Dominique," and Sainte-Beuve with his "Volupte"), but they have not been able to do a second time what they so successfully achieved the first, because they have exhausted the one subject which really interests them, that is, the analysis of their own souls.

Certainly, even from the point of view of technique, it is easier to compose a straightforward recital than it is to draw together in chapter after chapter, each with its diversified scenes and situations, the scattered threads of an objective narrative. As Gide says, the great objective novelists, like Tolstoy or Stendhal, to all intents and purposes assume the position of God. The autobiographical novelist remains in his own observation tower. And it is undoubtedly far easier to remain oneself than to raise oneself to the height of God.

The second reason is bound up with the first. What is the primary purpose of all art? It is to present a reflection of reality sufficiently faithful for acceptance, yet at the same time lifted to a plane from whence life can be viewed with that sort of serene detachment which is the essence of esthetic feeling. (The word "serenity" applies equally to events and to tragic books. We can look upon the most shocking Greek tragedy with elation of spirit.) The peculiar characteristic of the artist, says Proust, is that he soars above the world, that he detaches himself from it. Those emotions only are rightly the subject of a work of art which one has ceased to experience as emotions in the actual world. Well, the novelist who writes in the first person of his own feelings seems to us infinitely less detached from his subject than he who, like Flaubert, no longer conceives of reality except as an illusion to be described.

Furthermore, as Thibaudet says, the more a man talks of himself the less in the last analysis he tells us of the truth about himself. Just so soon as a writer begins to reveal his innermost self, so soon as, writing in the first person, he realizes that he is creating the impression that his book is a confession, just so soon he assumes a pose. Even though he be honestly persuaded that he is capable of carrying his confession to the point of cynicism, as Tolstoy did in "The Kreuzer Sonata" or Dostoievski in "Stavroguine," he cannot escape pleading, striking an attitude, explaining himself. He tells us more about himself when he merges his personality in that of his characters and reveals himself through personages whose history is so different from his own that under shelter of them his inner self feels itself hidden from the too perspicacious reader. The more complete the transposition, the more sincere will be his confession and consequently the more profound his reflections upon human nature. One might cite as an example Flaubert who, by attributing his own romanticism and empty dreams to a woman character, Madame Bovary, found courage to utter some biting truths in regard to this very romanticism.

Confessions published under the title of "Confessions" are almost invariably lies. Rousseau, who pretended to say more about human nature than anyone had ever dared to say before him, like everyone else colored and even transformed his own motives. Somerset Maugham himself, in "Cakes and Ale," does not escape this pitfall, for he paints the novelist author of his tale (presumably Somerset Maugham himself) in entirely favorable colors in contradistinction to Alroy Kear whom he makes "the villain of the piece." Every writer of memoirs misrepresents the truth. M. Briand says that for the political personage to write his reminiscences means that he divides events into two groups; into one category he places all those undertakings which have turned out successfully, making himself appear responsible for them; and into the other those which have turned out unfavorably, maintaining that in them he has had no part. To write an autobiographical novel, is to write a brief for oneself. Thus the true confession is, perhaps, that which, written in the third person, does not call itself a Confession.

One might urge finally against the autobiographical novel that in an intangible, but very real fashion it almost invariably irritates the reader. Self, if obtruded with any persistence, becomes unsupportable to others. Thus, the sentimental self-satisfaction of a Sterne very quickly sets on edge the nerves of his readers. We are thankful to an author for effacing himself in his personalities, and we much more readily approve a hero like Stendhal's Fabric (even though we know full well that he is merely a projection of Stendhal himself) than one like Constant's Adolphe.

Comparative ease of production and lack of sincerity are, then, the most weighty objections which can be urged against the autobiographical novel. But I am playing the part of devil's advocate, for, so far as I am concerned, I see no reason to condemn it. I shall now tell you why.

In the first place, is it really easier to write an autobiographical novel than one in the third person? I am not so sure. Certainly it was much more difficult to write "La Recherche du Temps Perdu" and even the little tale, "Adolphe," than it is to write a mediocre novel in the third person, perfectly detached, to be sure, but not the less perfectly empty. Besides, what does the charge of facility mean when made against a really gifted artist? Facility is sometimes the result of genius, but even more often the result of a long cultivation of one's powers. There is no getting away from Whistler's dictum before an English court—that if a great artist paints a picture in a very short time, it is because he has spent his entire life in acquiring his technique.

IS the second objection more weighty? The artist, we are told, ought to have attained detachment from the work of art. But can he detach himself from himself? I am tempted to reply: "yes, and it is by virtue of that very fact that he is an artist." A great novelist is almost invariably a man who in the beginning has lived a life crowded with emotion (Balzac, Dickens, Stendhal, Meredith); he has had some romantic experience, and it has enriched his nature with memories and sensations that eventually become the stuff of his work. But, the moment he begins to write, he becomes the spectator of his own life precisely as though it were that of another. The personal dramas which furnished Balzac with the themes for his "Lys dans la Vallée," "La Duchesse de Langeais," and "César Birotteau" ceased to be more than objects for observation to him the instant he began to write. The Proust who composed "La Prisonnière" was no longer the same man as the one who had experienced the feelings of jealousy he there described. He was an entirely different person, able to regard that other self as if from the distance of another planet. Edmund Wilson is perfectly right in saying that Proust in his work depicts snobbery in its most contemptible aspects, but that by no means proves that Proust himself was never a snob. As a matter of fact it may prove quite the contrary; it may prove that he was indeed a snob, that, stern satirist that he was, he had studied the manifestations of this absurd trait in himself, and was able to portray it with as much detachment as if he had watched it in another. In his "Kreutzer Sonata" Tolstoy actually wrote his own confession, but though the person there revealed was a Tolstoy who once existed it was no longer the Tolstoy who wrote the book. A novelist as he sits at his table, bringing a personality into being with the words he is putting on paper, pauses ever and again to look back through his past at a model which is himself—but a self-perturbed and suffering, and quite distinct from the man he is in the moments of composition. It is for this reason that I am inclined to interpret Wilde's statement to Gide in a sense quite different from that which Gide placed upon it; in art, I should say that such a thing as the first person does not exist, no, not even when it appears to, for he who writes in the first person does not think in the first person.

That which ought to help man to acquire self-detachment is that with the passage of time, changes take place in our opinions, in our feelings, even in our bodies. Old age or even maturity, having experienced the difficulties of life and discovered the obstacles which the world opposes to the realization of dreams, is able to measure with detachment the romanticism of its own youth. Flaubert was the Frederic Moreau of "L'Education Sentimentale"; after a time he no longer remained so; if he had chosen to present his novel in autobiographical form there is no reason at all to suppose he could not have done so with as perfect impartiality as if it had been written in the third person.

Moreover, all this distrust of the autobiographical novel is based on the assumption that the "I" of the book is necessarily the author. This, however, is not of necessity so. It was, I believe, Gerhardi, who delivered himself in "Futility" of the epigraph: "The I of this book is not myself." When Swift wrote "Gulliver's Travels" in the first person, he never

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by André Maurois

for a second intended us to believe that he was himself Gulliver. There is no conceivable reason why a man cannot write the romance of a woman in the first person; to do so, would be simply to adopt a convenient device for telling a story. On the other hand, the narrator of the tale may be the author and yet not the principal personage of the novel. In such a case the author wishes merely to play the part of spectator, and writing in the first person serves simply as a means of relating a story. This is true, for instance, of many of Conrad's romances, of Merimée's "Carmen," and even, to a great extent of "La Récherche du Temps Perdu."

Very often, in novels which appear to be objective, the author is almost as much present as in the autobiographical novels, but he conceals himself under the personality of a secondary character, just as in certain of Veronese's pictures the artist is seated at the foot of the table among the patrons whose portraits he has painted. Two recent examples will make clear what I mean; the novelist Philip Quarles, in "Point Counter Point," seems to be Huxley himself projected into his romance, and the novelist Edouard, in Gide's "Faux-Monnayeurs," is confessedly a portrait of the author.

One form of novel which is rare (surprisingly so, indeed, since it is a type which lends itself readily to presenting all phases of a subject) is that which Browning employed so successfully in "The Ring and the Book," the novel in the first person plural. A dramatic situation having been presented, each of the actors and witnesses involved in it offers his version of it, and from them all gradually emerges an impression of the general truth of the situation. The method seems to me good, because it is the one by which in actual life we discover the truth in regard to a set of circumstances. Clemence Dane tried it in "Legend." The novel in the form of letters, so high in favor for a hundred and fifty years after the appearance of "Clarissa Harlowe," also made possible the appearance of a number of characters in the first person, but this type of fiction has come to seem almost unnatural in this day of brief letters and conveyance of passion by means of the telephone.

Nothing gives rise to a more profound modesty than the study of literary history and a review of the severe, sharp, and evanescent judgments which various schools have passed the one upon the other. At one moment the critic tells us that the only authentic artist is he who, to the best of his abilities, copies direct from nature; at the next, he asserts that only that man is an artist who erects a purely intellectual structure, remote from actuality; again, he states that it is disgraceful to be subjective, that the artist should cut the umbilical cord between his characters and himself, and presently, on the contrary, an entire epoch is interested only in the most personal confessions. There have been long periods when classicism has been dominant and the great writer has been considered the one who portrays humanity in its most universal terms. Eras of romanticism have succeeded them when the individual alone seemed worthy of observation. For ten years the thesis novel holds sway; for another ten any author is taken to task who expounds an idea in his tale. And then eventually the reader wearies of an art that is purely objective and demands again that the novelist have a philosophy of life.

In the days of Zola and his followers, fashion demanded the portrayal of the lower classes. After twenty years of such depiction the reading world wearied of a succession of workmen, laundresses, mechanics, and clerks and insisted on high society. There followed a France, a Bourget, a Hervieu, finally a Proust, all of whom painted the society world, and before long the young critic began to clamor again for the masses. The truth is that there is no recipe for writing a good novel, and that it is next to impossible to define what a novel is or should be.

It is the habit of critics, when a novel makes its appearance which stirs the public, and which falls into no established categories, to say: "It is not bad, but it is not a novel." Now, "novel" is a term which applies to widely divergent works. The novel, indeed, has traveled far since the time of the "Princesse de Clèves" and the "Nouvelle Héloise." More and more it has become the fashion to make it the carry-all for observations upon anything at all; it is a study of manners in Balzac, a doctrine of action with Kipling, almost a philosophical treatise for Proust. What difference does it make, if the work is interesting? It is perfectly possible to write execrable romances in the third person and excellent ones in the first. One can be an admirable objective novelist, and quite as possibly a distinguished subjective novelist. Let us beware of rigid canons on an art so essentially supple as that of fiction. I once had a professor of philosophy who said: "All generalizations are false." That itself is a generalization, but I believe it to be true, and to be more generally true in esthetics than in any other science.

André Maurois is too well known to readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW *to need more than a mere mention of the fact that in addition to being the biographer of Shelley, Byron, and Disraeli, he is the author of several novels among which "The Silence of Colonel Bramble" and "Weigher of Souls" have appeared in English translation.*

Auto-da-Fé

(A Fire Legend)

THE room These entered was a perfect room
Soft to the touch, pulpy and palpable.
Rugs kneeled on by Saladin gold-shook
Beneath two pairs of feet, the same sheathed
In high-heeled shoes; poised upon the shoes
A young girl and her mother made weird sounds.

"Richard, how well your apartment looks today."
Her lilac eyes were closed. A blaze of light
Rose reflected from the surface of
The malachite piano set where lights
Could gather best upon it; on the wall,
Weirdly framed, the original document of
The American Constitution sealed by seals
Awesomely arresting, gave the ethical
Tone and slant to Richard Cunningham's room.
In a niche, framed by draperies made from
The garments Roman soldiers had cast lots for
After removing them from Our Lord, the glow
Of the lighted Holy Grail revealed the True Cross.

A straw bathrobe of the Ming Dynasty
(Value now ten millions) which moreover
Once belonged to Buddha, crackled as
He laid aside the Stradivarius bull-fiddle
On which he had been playing an imponderable
Melody, and touched the fingers of
The faintly puffy mother of his betrothed.

"Glad you like my weird place. Why shouldn't it
"Look well when you, Delicia, honor it,
"Et vous, Mrs. Delicia Ciel?"

They sat upon a bridge throne fashioned
Of martyrs and apostles cracked skulls.
"I am all out of score-pads," Richard said,
"But this will do," taking an autographed
Folio of Romeo and Juliet.
Discovering that M. Shakespeare had written
Some weird poem on the back, Richard used
The original manuscript of K. Lear,
Hugely blotting and scratching the pages
For the ink of his fountain pen was old.

Mrs. Ciel, playing with the weird man
Who lived with Richard, raised her deer eyes,
Fit to annihilate empires, and purled, "Seven diamonds."
Beetle browed, vast as the empyrean
Unseen, in his rugged stern appearance
Richard said, "Seven Clubs."
The signal flashed
As lightning across chaos downward to
His partner. But the weird man who resided
With him, quaffing hope and fulgent life
Eternal from his partner consubstantial
With him, cloud aspiring, intoned, "Seven Spades."

Delicia leaned her head upon her hand
Bent upon a wrist moulded to inspire
Passion in a king, unknown, or roué,
Gasping, "Seven hearts (It is cold)."

Richard unfurled an unused deck
Of the satin playing cards and put them in
The fire which acknowledged with a flicker.
This gesture in deference to courtesy
Completed, he upheld Delicia's bid
Of hearts, and laying down his dummy's hand,
Hurled his eyes where sleeping lightnings lay
Entranced, around. Then languidly he rose
And slipping from his being the straw robe,
Ming Dynasty, which moreover once belonged
To Buddha, enfolded its yellow length
With iron hands, and smoothed it in the fireplace.

A voice laden with abstract fugues floated
To his ears:
"Honied Richard, we were set."
"Gods Neds, Delicia! As it is not my turn
"For dealing, and the fire needs attention,
"You will pardon me?"
He took from the wall
The American Constitution which he attacked,
Tore up, and placed beneath the robe of straw,
And then applied the Holy Grail to all.
"Richard you're a dear," cried Delicia.
Mrs. Ciel dealt the satin cards and bid,
"Seven diamonds."
Richard Cunningham sat down
"I have to pass; too bad I can't bid eight."
"It is very weird that straw is so combustible
"And burns so fast."
"True, Mrs. Ciel. If Delicia
"Would only take the bid away from me
"I could light a really gorgeous friendly fire."
"Mr. Cunningham means a friendly gorgeous fire."
"True, Mrs. Ciel. Mr. Cunningham does."
"Yes indeed," said Richard Cunningham, "I do."

Richard's "Seven clubs" enabled Delicia
To declare a slam. Richard then arose
A second time, and lifting the bull-fiddle
Fashioned by the Italian cunning of Stradivarius
Cracked it upon an apostle's cracked skull.
"Mrs. Ciel, this will make it last much longer."
He flipped the fiddle kindling on the straw.
Glowering at the malachite piano
Imprimis, he took the stool. The piano stood
Afraid. With a bull's force he tore
Away a leg to swell the roaring fires.
As falls the brooding aura-ringed hemlock,
Fell the malachite piano, three legged,
Majestic in decay.
"These legs won't burn."
Said Richard. "True, Mrs. Ciel? We made game?"
Bending unmoved to highest bridge laws
He seized the shuffled satin cards and dealt.

During the momentary lulling pause,
The dummy, the weird man living there
Stared muttering in corners, and muttered,
"Behold! Mrs. Ciel, some score pads!"

"Seven diamonds," said Mrs. Ciel triumphantly.
"Seven spades," said the weird man majestically.
"Seven hearts," said Delicia passionately.
"Seven clubs," said Mr. Richard Cunningham.

"I shall light a gorgeous friendly fire, Mrs. Ciel."
"Mr. Cunningham means a friendly gorgeous fire."
"True, Mrs. Ciel. Mr. Cunningham does."
"Yes indeed," said Richard Cunningham, "I do."

He took the folio of Romeo.
The original manuscript of K. Lear,
And crushing each sheet in iron hands
Placed them at intervals in the fireplace.
Observing that even these did not suffice
He chopped off an arm from the True Cross
With an axe, and laid it on the fire;
The same ensued with the other arm, and likewise
The middle part.

PAUL EATON REEVE

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Books of Special Interest

Man and His Ancestors

UP FROM THE APE. By E. A. HOOTON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by MAURICE PARMELEE
Author of "The Science of Human Behavior"

THE rapid progress of science renders the communication of its results to the general public increasingly difficult. The mass of data has become so great and the problems involved so complex that only the specialists can deal with them with safety. Nevertheless the amateur often rushes in where the scientist hesitates to tread. Thus Will Durant palms off gossip about philosophers as if it were a scientific study of philosophy; A. E. Wiggam describes dubious methods of improving the human breed under the guise of biology, and Lothrop Stoddard purveys racial prejudices as anthropology.

The author of the book under review is Professor of Anthropology at Harvard University and Curator of Somatology at the Peabody Museum. In his preface he tells us that weary of writing technical papers he decided one summer vacation that "it might be more amusing to try to write something which could be read." Here, then, we seem to have a specialist who is willing and able to popularize. At first sight, however, the result is rather discouraging. The table of contents is bespattered with such expressions as the following—"Sinanthropus pekinensis: the first lady of China," "Dame Eoanthropus: the first female intellectual," "Aurignacian Man: the first esthete," "The Grimaldi Widow and Her Son," "The Lively Mediterraneans," "The Stodgy Alpine Race," "The Enterprising Armenoids," "The Inscrutable Mongoloids."

These flippant and often tendencious characterizations of extinct types and extant races do not presage scientific caution in their treatment. This unfavorable first impression is in part confirmed by a frequent and not always appropriate use of slang expressions, such as "buck teeth" and "cold deck." Some of the references, such as "the Walrus and the Oysters" and "poker-backed Weissmannism," are obscure to the reviewer—even though he has read Lewis Carroll and played cards—and may be equally obscure to many of the readers of this book.

But Professor Hooton's tendency to be facetious is likely to conceal the genuine excellences of his book which are revealed to a careful reader. His intention apparently is to prove that man is an animal and has evolved like other animals and thus to cut the ground from under the feet of the fundamentalists. After indicating briefly why man is a mammal and a primate, he describes in considerable detail the primate life cycle with special attention to the traits of peculiarly human significance, such as becoming erect, coming down to earth (out of the trees), standing up and walking, making things and using tools, thinking, talking, and shedding hair. He then describes more briefly the individual life cycle, including being born, growing, adolescing, reproducing, growing old, and dying.

In Part IV he devotes one hundred pages to a description of our fossil ancestors or forerunners beginning with *Pithecanthropus erectus* and characterizing each of the principal discoveries. This part closes with a tentative primate family tree. Part V, two hundred pages in length, describes the contemporary races of man. It begins with a detailed discussion of the tests of race. Then follow brief descriptions of the principal races and sub-races, among them being the Mediterranean, Nordic, Alpine, Armenoid, Negroid, Mongoloid, Dravidian, and Indonesian-Malay races.

Professor Hooton's book is replete with a vast mass of scientific detail. His judgments on disputed questions are usually fully informed and well-balanced. His discussion of race is happily free from the prejudices which have marred many similar discussions. He is, therefore, able to refute without difficulty the absurd claims of the proponents of Nordic superiority and supremacy. His style is at times touched with felicitous humorous expressions which help to lighten the weight of detail. Thus in commenting on the extravagant promises of the Central Asiatic expeditions of the American Museum of Natural History to discover the origin of man he says that "they have promised men and have delivered (dinosaur) eggs."

In view of the many scientific excellences of his book it is doubly regrettable that at its close Professor Hooton abandons in large part the scientific point of view. There are premonitions of a teleological complex where he speaks of "the works of the Creator," and where he says that "if a human being is not a manifestation of an intelligent design, there is no such thing as intelligence."

In the last section he expounds his theory of evolution which he characterizes as "the triumphant intelligence theory." He then makes the following extraordinarily anthropocentric allegation. "Man is a miracle, whether he be a miracle of chance, of nature, or of God." Why man is more miraculous than any other object in the universe, he does not explain. Of the evolutionary process he makes the following illogical and inconsistent muddle of chance and purpose. "That it is an accidental or chance occurrence I do not believe, although chance probably has often intervened and is an important contributing factor. But if evolution is not mainly a chance process it must be an intelligent or purposeful process." He then almost turns into a theologian by asserting that "the concept of organic evolution is one of the grandest and most sublime which can engage the attention of man. Whether man arose from the apes or was made from mud, he is in a sense a divine product. Organic evolution is an achievement not unworthy of any God and not incompatible with the loftiest conception of religion."

Professor Hooton has rendered valiant service against the fundamentalists. But in the last analysis he has delivered himself into the hands of the modernists in religion who turn the theory of evolution into a pseudo-scientific theological theory by imparting to it a teleological twist.

Beerbohm and the Stage

AROUND THEATERS. By MAX BEERBOHM. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. 2 vols. $7.50.

Reviewed by WALTON LOSEY

IT is amazing how serious Mr. Beerbohm becomes over that essentially flippant and scapegrace art, the theater. The theater is a heartless, incorrigible Lorelei casting the contempt of irrelevance upon its serious devotees (and such Max becomes).

To Bernard Shaw's famous valedictory upon relinquishing his throne with the *Saturday Review*, Max cuts a salutatory caper, called "Why I Ought Not to Have Become a Dramatic Critic." Therein he viciously declares that for him the drama holds "neither emotional nor intellectual pleasure." One suspects this is the last mental perversion of an accustomed wit. Max adds, with a bow, "I have never regarded any theater as much more than the conclusion to a dinner or the prelude to a supper." Coming from such an implicit epicure as Max, the disparagment is rather feeble. Intentionally so? Perhaps. This is 1898 and Max is still the humorist, not yet having been worn down by the appalling burden of writing serious and consistent criticism on so unmalleable a subject as the theater, a task to which he devoted himself for the following twelve years and then dropped abruptly.

In the present volumes are collected some two hundred short pieces written during his period as a dramatic critic. Each brief sketch, in fancy or idea, has its own integrity. The papers need not be read in their successive order, nor ought they to be read continuously; what they have in common is Max Beerbohm, rather than the theater (or is it more accurate to say that Max Beerbohm's unity as a personality is greater than the unity of the theater as a what-you-will?). . . . Max salutes Cyrano with appropriate gusto; causes shocking disturbances in the Duse aura (protesting boredom); is quite irreverent in the presence of Sarah's vanity and deeply appreciative of her genius. As Paris, Max bestows the apple upon Sada Yacco; in his own person he issues terribly right appraisals of Pinero and is brutal beyond excuse to Sir James. His essays on soliloquy and "sympathy" and literary men on the stage and play-reading and the Japanese theater's sojourn at Piccadilly Circus are trenchant and deft. With a delicate intimacy of touch he gives figures like Henry Irving and Ellen Terry and Coquelin (to name a few) their proper literary reality. His personal estimate of Ibsen is an excellent evaluation. His criticisms of plays like "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" and "The Devil's Disciple" show freedom from the pressure of physical and temporal proximity. And on the many little companies and little plays and little people, he as as amusing to read in 1930 as in 1900.

Max says of William Archer, "In him I find my ideal of a critic, but—is it not a little disconcerting, even depressing, to find one's ideal? Besides I do not much care about good critics. I like better the opinions of strong, narrow, creative personalities." Max's opinions bear their own stamp; that is their authenticity.

An Early "Modern" Woman

THE SIBYL OF THE NORTH: The Tale of Christina of Sweden. By FAITH COMPTON MACKENZIE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by OSCAR J. FALNES

CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN presents an amazing set of contradictions. Born to the purple, she pondered how to escape it, and royalty's exalted station which many scheme and struggle feverishly to attain, she regarded lightly and very shortly abdicated. The faith of her illustrious father, Gustavus Adolphus, Protestantism's foremost champion, she deserted to become her day's most conspicuous convert to Roman Catholicism. She bore her new faith with some jauntiness, but later, on occasions when a bit of resiliency could have brought her nearer the realization of larger aims, she clung to its form with the most stubborn tenacity. She acquired superior intellectual attainments and became a distinguished patron of the arts; but she had also a strain of callousness that could, for example, permit the murder of her Grand Equerry in a room next to her own. She was a daughter of the rigorous north who hated it, and felt herself drawn to the Latin temperament and environment. A woman, she despised the companionship of her own sex with one notable exception, and her salon came to be frequented almost exclusively by men.

Contradictions like these may well tempt biographers, and a number have been tempted. But there is place again for an up-to-date, understanding portrait in English of this most remarkable of Swedish queens.

Faith Compton Mackenzie's book, though it has merits of its own, will not fill that place. Its use of sources is somewhat circumscribed. It builds on records and accounts in English, Italian, and French, including some older Swedish material available in French, but it passes by the work of modern Swedish scholarship, thus traversing again the ground covered in English a generation ago in studies by Taylor and Gribble.

The book treats much of Christina *en famille*. Even more than Gribble it brings the Queen's entourage into the picture and has considerable to say of the scholars, courtiers, and attendants in her train,—an approach that once in a while grows discussive when it tends to forget Christina.

But the method has its advantages, too, since it permits some of the scenes along the way to be given a better rounded treatment. The little rivalry between Santinelli and Monaldesco can be advanced stage by stage within the main story. The chapter on the long papal conclave of 1670 which finally chose Clement X is a fuller discussion than usual; it gives a number of interesting details about the appointments for such a gathering and traces clearly the intrigues that prevailed on this occasion so far as they involved Christina and the man she loved, Cardinal Azzolino.

The historian will probably question the propriety of referring to Charles Stuart in 1655 as "King Charles II of England," without further qualification; Charles was then a fugitive from England and had not yet ascended his throne. The remark ascribed to Christina at Innsbruck on the day she had professed her new faith should hardly be passed off as an established fact; the Queen may have called the ceremony of her profession a "farce," but enough doubt has been cast on the evidence to warrant a statement of the reasons which lead the author to accept it. A commendable feature of the study is its sane and even point of view; there is no undue eulogy for the Queen's accomplishments and no unwarranted censure of circumstances to explain away her failures.

But when the reader lays the book aside he will still feel a little less than satisfied. He may willingly concede that the outward circumstances of the Queen's career, and they were certainly amazing, have been competently retold and in their telling have lighted up again some of the sparkling facets in her character. But the contradictions in that character have not been wholly solved. Some of the other accounts we possess have done that better and left us a more unified, more incisive portrait of this seventeenth century feminist, this early "modern" woman.

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Books of Special Interest

The Southern Slave-Trade

SLAVE-TRADING IN THE OLD SOUTH. By FREDERIC BANCROFT. Baltimore: J. H. Furst Company. 1931. $4.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS rather horrifying volume, remarkable in its union of scholarship with interest, performs a double service. It gives us our first exhaustive study of the breeding and selling of slaves in the South, a topic dismissed with a few paragraphs in histories of the section, and with a short chapter in Ulrich B. Phillips's "American Negro Slavery"; while it offers a corrective to recent writings which have painted slavery as a thoroughly mild and beneficent institution. In the systematic rearing of human beings for distant markets and the auctioning of them to the highest bidder, slavery, of course, exhibited its very worst side. The physical anguish of floggings or overtasking was mild compared with the mental anguish of parted families. It seems strange that little has been known hitherto of the precise extent of the domestic slave-trade, the kind of men who carried it on, and its circumstances, channels, and profits. Dr. Bancroft, analyzing a mass of evidence, concludes that in the thirty years before the Civil War Virginia exported an annual average of 9,370 slaves to other markets, and South Carolina in the ten years before the war exported an annual average of 9,370. He computes that in the decade 1850-60 the seven great importing States bought more than 230,000 slaves, worth approximately $185,000,000. Slavery could not be a static institution; there were ever-changing regions of excess production and of demand. Hence brisk trading was "absolutely necessary to this most highly prized property and to the economic, social, and political conditions dependent upon it."

It is impossible to make the slave-block and the coffle look attractive. Yet some historians have tried to throw a softening veil over them. They have declared that slave traders were an obscure and despised class—and indeed ante-bellum Southerners themselves often said so; they have asserted that small children were seldom sold from their mothers; they have ignored the slave pens, the harsh separations, the demand for "fancy girls." Mr. Bancroft gives us the facts. Slave-trading was not an obscure business, but large, lucrative, and reputable. Its practitioners often listed themselves in city directories as brokers, commission merchants, auctioneers, or the like, but their real calling was well understood. It was no bar to social recognition or even distinction. In aristocratic Charleston no family stood higher than the Gadsdens, yet for a quarter of a century Thomas Norman Gadsden bought and sold more negroes than any other South Carolina trader. One of his principal competitors was a De Saussure. As for Dr. Phillips's statement that young children "were hardly ever sold separately," Dr. Bancroft shows that they were scarcely less than a staple in the trade. He lists many advertisements of young children, and two traders who specialized in them; he shows that slave-owners not infrequently advertised their willingness to sell small children separately; he cites instances of traders giving away babies because they hampered the march of coffles. Louisiana alone had effective legal restrictions. In many parts of the South the people fondly believed that under patriarchal planters slave families were never broken up. But though kind owners were legion, the master's death might at any moment scatter his negroes to the winds. In March, 1858, the English traveller, Charles Mackey, found the slaves at Gen. James Gadsden's plantation "Pimlico" ideally happy. In December the general died, his estate was heavily in debt, and at once 235 negroes passed under the hammer.

In a series of chapters rich in local color and in detail drawn from old newspapers, Dr. Bancroft describes the slave-trade as it existed in city after city. His roster includes Richmond, where one dealer did a two-million-dollar business in 1856; Memphis, where Nathan Bedford Forrest, later famous as a cavalry leader in the Civil War, made himself wealthy from his sale of "fresh daily supplies" and "selected assortments"; New Orleans, the greatest of all the markets, where the auctions in the St. Charles Hotel were famous, and where some dealers, such as the Campbells, had grown so powerful that they were known in every part of the South; Lexington, much patronized by the rough class drawn to the horse-races; and St. Louis, where on the eve of the war public sentiment put a stop to the auctions. The author offers a study also of the routes of trade. There were three principal methods of taking the slaves to distant markets—by ship, by overland march, and by railroad. As we should expect, the overland march offered the largest opportunity for inhumanity. Roped together, driven long distances, and fed on corn bread, boiled pork, and sour milk, the slaves were taken from Maryland over rough roads to the heart of the Cotton Kingdom and were often in pitiable case.

Dr. Bancroft's close-packed book is for the most part commendably objective in tone. Here and there, by a word or phrase, he lets moral indignation briefly tinge his narrative. A Southerner could easily retort by an analysis of some of the worst evils of industrialism in New England factory towns of the time. But the subject should by now be quite removed from the old heats of sectional controversy. South as well as North should be grateful for this conclusive study of the most vital as well as most disagreeable features of the slavery system.

Swedish Poetry

A SELECTION FROM MODERN SWEDISH POETRY. Translated in the Original Metres, by C. D. LOCOCK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $2.25.

Reviewed by CHARLES WHARTON STORK

TO anyone familiar with the rich and varied quality of Swedish lyric poetry the present volume will be decidedly disappointing. In the first place, the selections, beginning about 1890, omit not only the great earlier names of Bellman, Tegnér, and Runeberg, but also those fine masters of the 'seventies, Vikton Rydberg and Count Snoilsky. Fröding, the most fascinating of all Swedish poets, was presented by Mr. Locock in a previous volume. Of first rank poets we have thus only Heidenstam, Levertin, and Karlfeldt, and of these the two former are represented by but nine and seven pages respectively. Heidenstam's splendid patriotic pieces are wholly omitted, as are also Karlfeldt's spirited "Dalecarlian March" and lovely "Hymn to the Harvest Moon."

Let us consider what we have. Karlfeldt is well represented, especially on the humorous side, where the translator is at his happiest. In the more subtle nature poems the point is often lost and the atmosphere evaporates. Mr. Locock is by no means conscientious in preserving the spirit of the original, as may be seen in a passage from the well-known "Song after Harvest." Here Fridolin is described as follows:

And over his elbows his coat-tail flops
As with each fair damsel in turn he hops.

The original is, "Look, how with his mighty coat-tails on his arm he dances every girl at the ball warm!" The Swedish peasant, manly for all his homespun, has become cheaply comic in English. But Mr. Locock can do much worse than that. In "The Stars' Consolation," by Karin Boye we find,

I spake with a star one night—
A far-off gleam where no man lives—
"O Stranger Star, whom lightest thou?
Such fire thy great ball gives."

Here the translator is not comic, he is ridiculous.

But we must not overstress the weak points of the volume. In the liberal selections from Anders Österling, the youngest member of the Swedish Academy, there are some very satisfactory renderings. If Mr. Locock passes over numerous living poets of established reputation, such as K. G. Ossiannilson, Per Hallström, and K. E. Forsslund, it is to center his interest on the new group now in their thirties and early forties. Of these, much the most interesting is Erik Blomberg, noteworthy both for his intellectual daring and his originality of form. It seems a pity that Mr. Locock has not given us any of his free-verse poems, which are beautifully plastic in rhythm. Most of the other younger writers can hardly be said to have won the place he accords them. Among the women one notes the omission of Karin Ek and Märta af Sillén, both of them better poets than Harriet Löwenhjelm, to whom eight pages are accorded.

The general impression of the volume is, one must repeat, disappointing. The selection seems very arbitrary and only partly justified by the success of the translations included. Mr. Locock is not a scholar, still less is he a consistently good craftsman in verse. His rhymes are often trite or forced, his rhythms wooden, his words archaic, and his phrasing inverted. One cannot avoid the feeling that in the main he has missed a fine opportunity.

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Adventures in Archives

By Charles Upson Clark

FORTUNE smiles on some favored persons. An Italian engineer once asked me on the train what I considered the most beautiful spot in Italy. "Taormina," I replied, "but my wife prefers Syracuse." "I agree with her," he said. "Though a Tuscan, I spent some time in my youth in Italy, and my great wish was always to go back to Syracuse. When the war broke out, I was a naval reserve officer; orders came for me to proceed to Syracuse; and for that entire period, I was on duty among what I consider the loveliest views and most romantic associations my country has to offer."

Fortune has dealt kindly with me, and that often; but one dream looked impossible of fulfilment. From childhood I had been fascinated by that prince of adventurers, Christopher Columbus, and that long line of intrepid mariners who carried the banners of Portugal and Spain to Macao and Macassar, Acapuco and Aconcagua, before we unenterprising Nordics ventured even to rob them of their discoveries. I gathered a library of books on that brilliant era; I visited the rivulet in Porto Rico where Columbus landed to get water for his caravels, the pueblos in our southwest which must have witnessed the epic journeys of Coronado and of Cabeze de Vaca. In 1907, I gathered material in Spain for a book on ancient Spanish MSS, and made a pilgrimage to the Columbina, the library founded and endowed by Columbus's illegitimate son Ferdinand, where one can see Christopher's marginal notes in books which shared his wanderings.

But the dream of coming to know that period from the actual documents, remained a dream. Other interests, likewise fascinating, intervened. But suddenly, in April 1929, a long envelope with the frank of the Smithsonian Institution appeared, and within it a brief inquiry if I would be interested in a research project in Spain—and lo, the dream was in process of fulfilment! General Dawes had established a fund to be used in exploring Spanish archives, in the hope of finding reports and accounts of the early friars and conquistadores which might cast more light on the origin and the details of that strange civilization which they found in the New World.

Some weeks of preparation, and then the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale, and the Vatican, with their Mexican MSS. The first task of every investigator is to learn how to tell the true from the false. Of Maya MSS, only three are preserved—in Dresden, Paris, and Madrid—but I studied two clever "fakes." One, done with great care on the same agave fibre paper the ancients used, reproduced their hieroglyphics and deities admirably; but the forger had given his fancy rein, and depicted a war chariot. Now that astonishishing Maya civilization had never divined the principle of the wheel; nowhere in America did the Spaniards find even a wheelbarrow. The other MS was charmingly done on deerskin, which also the Mayas used; but the artist got into trouble with the hieroglyphics, of which we can read many of those connected with dating; and one glance from an expert detected the imposture. A few weeks of study and imitation of genuine Aztec and Maya MSS in London, Paris, and Rome, and I was ready for the plunge.

I chose the Vatican with which to begin, knowing it well from years of work there, and hoping that the Americanists had not exploited it as thoroughly as they have the Spanish archives. The Vatican has catalogues and inventories of its various collections (now being revised with American aid); I commenced with those of the Barberini MSS, which have been in the Vatican only twenty-five years, and under "Indies" found at once two intriguing titles—a "Libellus de Medicinalibus Indorum Herbis" (booklet on the medicinal plants of the Indians), and a "Compéndio y Descripción de las Indias Occidentales." When I opened the little "Libellus," I had my first thrill. Here were 185 charming aquarelles of medicinal plants in bloom, each with its Aztec name above and below an account, in Latin; the introduction stated that the book was the work of a Mexican Indian, Badianus, in 1552; he had been educated by the Franciscans in Mexico.

Now came the puzzle which every investigator meets: was the "Libellus" known? Kindly and learned Monsignor Mercati, Prefect of the Vatican Library, thought it might have been utilized in Hernández's great work on Mexican plants and animals, the first important natural history of our continent; but the pictures proved to be wholly different. Further search showed that a MS in the Royal Library at Windsor, demonstrably a copy of this Roman one, was just being published as new to science. Not till weeks later did I learn that the "Libellus" had been examined by that omnipresent Mexican scholar, del Paso y Troncoso, years ago, and that there is a brief description of it in one of his notebooks in Mexico City; and that Professor Lynn Thorndike of Columbia had listed it (but without mention of its Aztec pictures) in an article on Vatican medieval medical MSS, published while I was on the ocean coming over. But that the Vatican possesses the earliest illustrated work on the history of American botany and American medicine—that, no Americans scholar knew.

The "Compèndio y Descripción" was described in the catalogue as anonymous; but, it said, there will be no trouble in identifying it, for part of it is printed. It proved to be a huge volume, handsomely bound in red morocco with the Barberini coat of arms in gold; there were two parts, each beginning with some printed pages, and then turning into carefully written manuscript, of which it has over five hundred large pages. It is an exhaustive description of the New World, from Florida and California to Patagonia, largely from personal inspection; dates given made it clear that the author had been over here about 1620. But how to identify him?

For months my own efforts and those of my friends and foreign colleagues in the field were unavailing. I had written the Smithsonian that the MS made the impression of printer's copy, part already in page proof; that it was a book which they had begun to print, but never finished. If so, it was obviously a prize; and in any case, fuller investigation was necessary; so when I returned to Rome in the spring, I spent several days noting every personal reference in the MS—and there were many. The author celebrated mass in 1618 in several Indian pueblos near Arica, and "burned down one, called Isquiliza, because they were mostly idolaters there." He went through the great earthquake of 1619 in Peru, which devastated Trujillo. At Lima he witnessed the conferring of degrees at the University, with solemn academic procession, some seventy doctors in their brilliant robes—a ceremony as imposing, he thought, as at Salamanca. He begs the King to appoint a Bishop of Florida, for the heretic corsairs make the trip dangerous from Cuba or Porto Rico, and the good Christians of St. Augustine often go for years without a pastoral visit. On one macabre occasion he was staying in a little Nicaraguan village when an Indian woman, who had gone down to the lake to draw water, was seized by an alligator. Her husband rushed down just in time to see a group of the monsters fighting over her body. He called together the neighbors; they tied some meat to a cross-stick at the end of a rope; throwing this bait out to the alligators, they hauled up one after another; cutting them open, from one they took a leg, from another an arm, from another the head, until they had assembled the whole body of the unfortunate woman, which they buried in the church; and, said he, since I was in the village, I said mass over her. He referred to a memorial he had presented to the King about the route to be followed by the treasure fleet; and once he remarks: "As I stated in the 'Light and Guide to Heaven' which I published in 1623."

These quotations filled several typewritten pages, which were sent to Washington and to various European friends; and soon one of them, the learned German scholar, Professor Schäfer of Seville, wrote exultingly that he had identified the man without a shadow of a doubt; that the author of the "Light and Guide to Heaven" was the famous Carmelite friar Vásquez de Espinosa, friend of León Pinelo, who had been filled with admiration of this description of the New World, Vásquez's life work, and later lamented his death (in 1630) as "depriving us of what would have been our most valuable book on that subject." Professor Rivet found that Vásquez received his permission to print in November 1629; he had doubtless had the satisfaction of seeing the first few proofs when he suddenly died and his MS disappeared—to come to light in the Vatican in this romantic fashion, at the hands of one whose ancestors came to Massachusetts Bay just as Vásquez de Espinosa was dying in Spain. The Smithsonian is now hoping to secure funds with which to publish this masterpiece of our early New World history.

The Vatican holds other treasures. In 1662, a historian of Piacenza, Campi, published a book to prove that Columbus was born in Pradello, near Piacenza. A patriotic and learned Genoese Dominican, Bolzino, at once set to work and haunted the archives of Genoa and Savona, copying documents relating to Columbus and his family. His essays are preserved in two volumes among the Vatican Latin MSS. Two earlier investigators, Cocchia and De Lollis, have utilized one of these; but the other, and fuller, seems to have escaped them. Bolzino tells us, for instance, why Christopher and his brother Bartholomew wrote "of Terrarossa" after their signatures, as young men; how Christopher may have studied in "Pavia," without going outside of Genoa, for there was a section of Genoa called Pavia, in which Bolzino himself had his early lessons; why the mortgage on their father Domenico's property in Savona was foreclosed in 1501—some facts new, and the old ones often with new and picturesque detail.

Nor is the work without its diverting side. In working through the South American documents in the Propaganda Fide Library in Rome—the great missionary collection of the Roman Church—I ran across a little volume of printed broadsides from Lima. Among them were two edicts of the Archdean of Lima Cathedral, which form a chapter in the ever-hopeful campaign of the Church to make women dress modestly—a campaign beginning with St. Paul, in which St. Jerome played his part in the fourth century, and to which that admirable scholar the present Pope, friend of all earnest searchers, has made his contribution. It appears to have been specially needed in Lima in 1734, for according to the Archdean, Dr. Andres de Munive,

> since women's immodesty and impropriety in dress has always been a source of scandal in Christian communities, on account of the perdition of souls which it causes, being incitement, occasion, and source of many mortal sins, and offensive to the eyes of persons who are duly modest, for which reason the Prelates of the Church have at all times thundered their censures against it, with the zealous purpose of correcting such a detestable abuse, unworthy of tolerance among those who make profession of religion; and since it is well known that years ago this lamentable evil made its way into this city and its environs, the women wearing dresses so short that their legs are visible, while their arms are bare, or else the sleeves and collars are so arranged that one's eyes strike the bare skin, and the bosom is evident, and though some women wear long skirts, they give them a cut or arrangement such that when they walk or sit down, their extremities are just as visible, and others, in raising what is called the "tail" (train), to keep it from dragging on the ground, expose themselves indecently. and since, although the preachers of the Gospel have endeavored in their exhortations from the pulpit to cure this scandalous abuse, and the apostolic missionaries, realizing its grave character, and the reproach to Christianity caused by such styles, have declaimed against them, yet no reform has been observed, and in fact it rather seems that custom tends to strengthen such irregular and improper fashions; accordingly, making use of the authority vested in us for similar emergencies, and desirous of restraining such dangerous evils, we command that henceforward none of the ladies or women, whatever may be their social rank, quality, or position, wear on the street (and far less in church) clothes or dresses such that they show the legs, leave the arms bare, or uncover the bosom, but that they clothe themselves in such decent and modest wise as to cover those parts of their persons which may serve as incitement or stumbling block to the eyes; nor are they to make use of skirts cut in such affected style as to produce the indecent fashion which is observed; nor are they to lift their trains with their hands so as to show what lies underneath, but are to keep them down, or not use them at all. . . .

One could multiply examples indefinitely; the great prizes still elude us; the key to the Maya hieroglyphics, the full accounts of their traditions still await discovery—if they exist; but any competent and well-financed scholar (for such exploration needs money just as much as one to uncover a ruined city) is sure to bring to light many an interesting document to add to our knowledge of our stone-age predecessors on these continents and isles. And what glimpses they give! In a few hours of work one may come across a Lord's Prayer and Ave Maria in the language of a Brazilian tribe down by the Chaco; a letter of the Bishop of Popayan describing his trials in pastoral visits covering thousands of miles over rough tracks in the Andes of Colombia; a recipe for making wine out of sugar maple sap (in the National Library of Lisbon!); and scores of topics as interesting. Historic research may seem a dry and dusty subject; but nothing human is alien to it; and explorers in archives have also their exciting adventures.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

FED UP. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. Bobbs-Merrill. 1931. $2.

In his dedication the author calls this book, his "very most foolish and flippant story." Flippant it is, but not too foolish, for under its pleasant irreverence for many English foibles, it has a keen appreciation of the vanity of human endeavor. Not that the "life is real, life is earnest" attitude creeps into the book for a moment. It doesn't. But one can guess that Mr. Birmingham knows his English.

Charles Beauchamp (Conservative) and Peter Boyd (Labor) are the two gentlemen that are "fed up." They have both been forced against their wishes to run for Parliament, Beauchamp by his charming wife, the Lady Edith, and Boyd by his political manager. The fun comes in the first place from the campaign manœuvers of Lady Edith. Dressing in elaborate evening clothes for outdoor speaking, kissing babies, and coyly threatening to kiss the voters, she stops at nothing in her attempts to win the people. (And this English fiction is not so far from American fact—some of the flowery speeches might have been taken from our daily papers.) After enough of this, the interest shifts; the two opposing candidates run happily away together leaving their sponsors in the lurch, with each side accusing the other's missing candidate of having murdered its own missing choice. Mr. Birmingham makes the most of his opportunities, and the result is a very amusing evening's reading.

THE OPENING OF A DOOR. By GEORGE DAVIS. Harpers. 1931. $2.50.

This novel is a succession of bizarre characterizations, of people less types than oddities. It is plotless, and the sequence of events is as fortuitous as is every-day life—which is not necessarily high praise.

It is a study of a post-Victorian matriarchy. The MacDougall family of Chicago labors under the heavy sway of an old woman whom her children call Grandmother. Grandmother, though during the last years of her life she is failing mentally, was in her time a martinet of that vicious kind who rule by inertia. Through her influence on her children and her husband—whose final days and death compose the opening of the book—she succeeds in diverting the course of their lives: as a result, her now middle-aged children are drab eccentrics, who once possessed the elements of some sort of human achievement.

Much of the detail of the story is seen through the jejune eyes of Grandmother's morose young grandson, Edward. He is a compound of the utterly obvious, and the abruptly obscure. One feels that he alone may sometime amount to something. The style, much praised by two or three unimpeachable witnesses on the jacket of the book, is on the average competent, though it frequently becomes slightly turgid and dull. The author can permit such a simile as the following: "His mustache and brows were grey moths fluttering to rest." However, most of the writing is not so irritating, and there are passages of considerable power. Rarely is there any humor, and that usually of a supercilious sort.

The whole effect of the book is one of futility—not necessarily of the futility of life, though there is ample witness to that in the story—but rather one of artistic futility. It is one of those books that come into being without reason. A dozen caricatures do not make a novel. However, there is no doubt but that Mr. Davis knows how to say what he wants to. The thing for him to do is to find something to say.

THE SHORTEST NIGHT. By G. B. STERN. Knopf. 1931. $2.50.

In her latest book, Miss Stern has turned to the field of the mystery story; she assembles a carefree Riviera house-party of young London bohemians, and has one of them murdered for us. Her book is a mystery story rather than a detective story; that is, it is not for the genuine connoisseur of detective stories, who likes to play the game against the author, and demands a strict adherence to the rule of fair play as laid down by Father Ronald Knox or Mr. Huntington Wright. Here there is no great detective to solve the case by the clues one could have seen oneself if one had been clever enough; there are no clues by which one could solve it oneself no matter how clever one is; as a matter of fact, the author secures her dénoûement only by forcing a confession through force of circumstances. Nobody could be expected to solve the crime, not because of any extraordinary cunning on the part of the murderer, but because, in the first place, the motive is not indicated in any way until it is revealed in the confession, and in the second place, several characters concerned act in an entirely unpredictable, because irrational, manner. The experienced reader may suspect from the first chapter that Miss Stern has made things too easy for herself, by the eccentricity of most of the actors.

Nevertheless, the reader who regards mystery novels as purely entertaining stories and not as puzzles will find "The Shortest Night" amusing. The characters are a welcome relief from the stereotyped cast of the ordinary murder story, and if they indulge in the usual pastime of sitting down comfortably to sift motives and check alibis and generally discuss the possibilities of their dearest friends' being murderers, they have humanity enough to recognize that they are being inhuman. The conversations are clever, the comic relief funny; the corpse was only an uninvited guest anyway, and it turns out in the end that everybody was quite right in instinctively disliking him; altogether, it is as comfortable a poisoning as one could well want. The book evidently aims only at being "summer fiction," and it succeeds in being acceptable pastime.

INDIAN SUMMER. By J. C. SNAITH. Appleton. 1931. $2.50.

The remarkably uneven Mr. Snaith has written a story in his lighter manner, and about the middle of his range—a good way below the delicious "Araminta," and a good way above "Cousin Beryl." It is a leisurely story of a country town in eighteenth-century England; there are sharp-tongued "characters," and a French prisoner of war, the high-souled Marquis de Montremy, whose perfect courtesy and tact sets things right when they go too far wrong, and there is some young love, which does not run too smooth, or there would be no story, but which runs smoothly enough. The chief criticism to be made against the book is that the atmosphere of the time is laid on as thickly as in an Olde Gifte Shoppe. The idioms of the conversations are all sound eighteenth century locutions, but one cannot help recalling that the people in Fielding and Smollett do not confine themselves so exclusively to phrases peculiar to their time. The book is made up of this sort of thing: "They had shared a cubicle at the Misses Nightingale's Finishing Lyceum for the Christian Daughters of Gentlewomen at Brightelmstone in Sussex." How far one finds that quaint and amusing is a matter of taste; most readers will probably find it overdone, but no doubt there will be many to enjoy it.

BROTHER JOHN. A Tale of the First Franciscans. By VIDA D. SCUDDER. Dutton. 1931. $2.50.

It sometimes happens to those delving in history that the people they are studying suddenly cease to be names upon a dusty record and to take form as veritable companions dealing with real problems very similar to our own. The student then begins to love these recreated people and to find great comfort in their struggles, their victories, and defeats, and wishes to share his new friends with others who may also care for them. Thus are born some of our best histories and biographies, and thus Miss Scudder, the editor and translator of some delightful letters of St. Catherine of Siena, would share with us her enthusiasm about another group of religious thinkers of the Middle Ages.

In this latest book the story of the struggles of the first Franciscans is told as through the memories of an English convert, John of Sanfort, who sided with the zealots in the split between the radical devotees of Lady Poverty and the more practical minded rulers of the growing order who wished to compromise with the ways of the world. The setting of the story, first in simple feudal England, then in light-flooded Umbria and Rome where the ancient columns dominate a more sophisticated society, is cleverly suggested, but the real concern of the book is with the mental and emotional struggles of these religious enthusiasts. No hint of modern skepticism is cast upon the reality of the visions and the unmixed motives of the brothers. The joys of the religious life are also taken for granted, but there is much questioning about the best way to avoid the evils of private property and the desire for power. The hero throws in his lot with those who give up everything and ends his days in prison, but he greatly loves Roger Bacon and others who would save some worldly goods in the interest of learning and is never quite sure which is the better road.

Miss Scudder's audience will probably be limited to those who are interested in the religious thought of the Middle Ages or of our time. Such readers will find her style delightful and the simplicity of the lives and motives she depicts altogether charming, while the implied parallels with our own problems of wealth and power open new vistas to their thinking.

UNWEAVE A RAINBOW. A Sentimental Fantasy. By EDGAR JOHNSON. Doubleday, Doran. 1931. $2.

SHATTER THE DREAM. By NORAH C. JAMES. Morrow. 1931. $2.

The first of these books is a clever young novel by a clever young man. It is about people who talk like people in books. They say the things at the time that one usually thinks of only on the way home. They give short, not so short, dissertations on every known and almost known subject. They are hysterically aware of the surfaces of their times, and they are at great need to explain this verbally. They are members of that vain and perverse band of Dowson's who have never known laughter or tears, having known only surpassing vanity. The book is an ultra-modern what-not in which are carefully arranged, and with almost equal delight, neurotic and psychotic human beings, exotic *objets d'art,* and esthetic, biologic, etceteraic theories.

Amid all the super-crackle and super-sparkle of the characters, who are as much anathema to the author as to the reader, there runs another *motif* altogether. This gives the book legitimate claim to its subtitle, "A Sentimental Fantasy." The main character, towards whom Mr. Johnson shows considerable partiality, is ever so expansively in love with ——. But that is the mystery, and until one solves it, about half way through the book, the effect is highly puzzling. Throughout the book Mr. Johnson shows himself, brilliantly and easily, far above the demands of the type of work in hand. Authors of first novels must be frightfully bored by the expression, but one *does* await his next novel with interest.

"Shatter the Dream" also shows the fragility of the stuff that dreams are made on, but otherwise has little in common with "Unweave a Rainbow." Miss James has run sharp barriers around the material of her novel, and there is no blurring of the outline in either action or conversation. And yet the final effect is not as clear as one would expect. That is because she has really written her tragic story from two angles. A very young man falls deeply and idealistically in love with a young matron who is pleasantly and shallowly attracted by his love. From his side the story is on the grand scale, from hers it is merely *divertissement.* Miss James moves from one side to the other in her narrative and loses thereby a necessary integrity of emotional reaction to the story. Even so, there are shattering moments in the life of the little bank clerk that communicate themselves to any reader. Perhaps it is the very fact that one has been so worked upon by the embroilments of Miss James's people that makes her ironic ending seem too light.

ALL ALONGSHORE. By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. Coward-McCann. 1931. $2.50.

This is a collection of eighteen characteristic short stories dealing with Lincoln's well-known Cape Cod which should be a popular book.

BREAD EATEN IN SECRET. By *John A. Moroso.* Macaulay. $2.

SEXARIANS. By *Isaac Goldberg.* Panurge Press.

RIALLARO. By *Godfrey Severn.* Oxford University Press. $3.

EXPENSIVE WOMEN. By *Wilson Collison.* McBride. $2 net.

LIMANORA. By *Godfrey Severn.* Oxford University Press. $3.

History

CIVIL WAR PRISONS. By WILLIAM BEST HESSELTINE. Columbus: Ohio State University Press. 1930. $3.

The long standing need of an impartial and scientific investigation into the provisions for and the handling of prisoners during the Civil War makes this monograph especially welcome. During the conflict and for more than a generation after its close so many angry charges and counter-charges of violations of the laws of war were made by the officials of the Union and Confederate Governments and so many grievances were aired by the prisoners themselves that

(*Continued on page 78*)

Important and Successful Books

Third Large Printing

Three Pairs of Silk Stockings

by Panteleimon Romanof

With a foreword by Stephen Graham

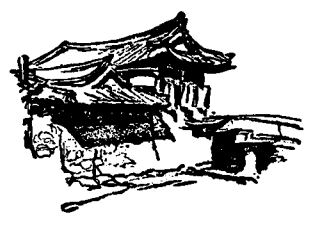
America and England join in praising this novel of the educated classes under the Soviet. Alexander Nazaroff in the *New York Times* called it "the most interesting novel of contemporary Russia." Rebecca West declared it "a superbly told story with pages of glorious shattering comedy." As a novel it is "absorbingly interesting," and furthermore, says the *New York Sun*, it answers "all the questions one would like to ask about Russia." $2.50

Fourth Large Printing

The Grass Roof

by Younghill Kang

To read this glamorous book is to live a while in an unknown and lovely land—Korea, in those utopian days when the poet and scholar were the great men of the nation and the Heaven Born still ruled in Seoul. "His pages breathe the happiness of field and flower and garnered crop, of games in the open and the smell of wood fires. . . . A real contribution to literature."—*Saturday Review of Literature.* $3.00



Fourth Large Printing

These Russians

by William C. White

"His book is one of the most interesting and illuminating which any observer has produced. . . . The people of his sketches are as sharply defined as characters in well-written fiction, and, indeed, some of his chapters have the form and definition of a good short story. . . . For understanding in the terms of human lives Mr. White's book is one which no reader interested in the tremendous drama enacted in Russia to-day can afford to miss."—*New York Times* $3.00

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Points of View

Potent Images

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

T. K. Whipple's essay in the issue of July 11, enttiled "Machinery, Magic, and Art," will, I imagine strike other readers beside myself as a somewhat curious melange, a distillation, to change the figure, from strangely incongruous elements and ingredients, which, like other "home brews," has acquired queer properties on its own account.

Mr. Whipple's thesis is not particularly new, neither is his handling of it in any degree unusual. The same things have been said and expounded for a long while past, with more or less reiteration. It is all a sort of obsession with—to use the writer's own favorite term—"images" or symbols, and in a way he is a belated trailer after the imagists and symbolists who occupied the literary forum decades ago, abode their destined hour, and went their way. The only perceptible difference being that he views his images from a somewhat different "slant" while endeavoring, when all is said and done, to deploy them to practically the same effect. Much of his gospel is but a restatement of those of the schools referred to. There is the same indigestible mixture—esthetic and otherwise—of primitivism and the "machine age," of Michael Angelo and Charley Chaplin, Lincoln and Jesse James, with all the familiar arguments and digressions. And along with them, shrewd comments and just observations which, in sum total, only serve to increase the topsy-turvy effect of the whole.

It is, I think, significant that Jesse James has been paired with Lincoln by Mr. Whipple as one of two most "potent images" of the American gallery—he qualifies the assertion, of course, by the statement that he refers to "the mythical, not the historical figures." It seems to me that nothing can be more successfully challenged than the "potency" as an "image" of Jesse James, either mythical or otherwise. Had it not been for the films, the tabloids, and the "crime clubs," Jesse would now be almost forgotten. Of course, Mr. Whipple may regard the said agencies—films, tabloids, and crime clubs—as great creators and disseminators of "potent images" among the many-headed. But if I am not mistaken, they have had very little to do with the creation or dissemination of the Lincoln mythos, for instance, which has been and is a genuine one and indisputably potent; whereas the Jesse James mythos is a sham one in every respect, despite the present overproduction of bandits and bank robbers. For the latter would still have been present, just as profusely, if Jesse had never been heard of.

Mr. Whipple is also somewhat belated in his effort to contract an "immortal marriage" between art and utility. It must have been twenty years ago—fifteen at the very least—when an attempt to establish a Ministry of Fine Arts, headed by a cabinet member, was made in our great and glorious Republic. And I have a distinct recollection of the indignation of the labor unions, which denounced the very idea of "fine" art in withering periods and had little difficulty in squelching the nefarious scheme. Still, I haven't since observed proletarian—I should say, utilitarian or laboristic—art progressing with giant strides among us, or its creation of any very potent images save in the strictly utilitarian sense. Of those we have certainly a vast supply. And possibly, as one, an electric refrigerator is something which we may regard with a mystic sense of its esoteric significance and rhythmic efficiency in promoting our sense of power. Though somehow it seems probable that the greater power will be apt to come out of it, provided it be well filled with provender for these anhungered. For, personally, I must confess that I feel much more powerful after assimilating a square meal than after unlimited contemplation of either Lincoln or Jesse James, whether as myths or realities, images or individuals.

The root of the matter, as regards America, may be found in Walt Whitman, and while Mr. Whipple leaves him out of his picture, considering him, self-evidently, as not a "potent image," pretty much everything that may be called "basic" in the essay goes back to Walt and may be found in the "Leaves." Sometimes it is there expressed with great power and picturesqueness. And in a literary sense at least, Walt may fairly be termed a mythic figure among the most arresting and influential that thus far we have produced—if not indeed the very most so. Walt was the original propagandist against "fine" art amongst us, and to date his statement of the case has never been excelled—whether one takes it or leaves it alone, is beside the mark.

Mr. Whipple winds up, as do most commentators upon things as they are, imagistic and otherwise, with the declaration that "the result is deplorable all round." Nor need one wonder why.

JOHN HERVEY.

Chicago.

What Is Potency?

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your issue of July 11, 1931, Professor T. K. Whipple made a much-needed plea for vital energy in art. More power to him! I cannot help feeling, however, that he in a measure weakened his position by one sentence of his essay:

> There is no way, so far as I know, of telling which images will have potency and which will not—but the quality itself is unmistakable.

But if the quality of potency cannot be defined, if its occurrence can never be predicted from given antecedents, then it is not unmistakable. On the contrary, every reader or observer is free to see potency wherever he likes, and his neighbor may say he is mistaken. Charlie Chaplin and Zane Grey, says Mr. Whipple, possess potency. Suppose I think they don't; what is to be done about it? This is the old, old problem, the subjectivity of appreciation. "Beauty" and "art" are fish that have slipped through the fingers of every esthetician from Eve to Croce. Art is "creation," "expression," we have been told, among other things. Creation of what? Expression of what? One very competent art critic considers Rubens the greatest painter the world ever saw. Another, equally competent, lauds Whistler, who is Rubens's antithesis. And no human being seems yet to have arrived at a definition of art or beauty that will umpire their dispute.

Now, it appears, we must add "potency" to the list of undefinables. I agree heartily with Mr. Whipple that most poetry, at least, of today, is in a sickly way, and would be healthier for an injection of glandular extract, fortified with ideas. What a pity it is so hard to provide a prescription that can be filled at the corner drugstore!

S. G. MORLEY.

Dutch Flat, California.

Psychology and Literature

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

As I believe that a clearer understanding of the relation of psychology to literature is of some importance to modern authors I would like to ask a few questions suggested by Dr. Jastrow's article which appeared in the *Review* of July 18th.

Toward the end of his essay Dr. Jastrow says: "Just as some psychologists have found a special interest in the psychology of religion, without thereby becoming religionists or founders of new faiths, or telling others how and what to believe, so may a psychologist with a flair for the pursuit devote his analyses to the psychology of literary creation and of literary trends, and render a useful service."

The last clause is the one which I would question. In just what way and to whom would a psychologist's analyses be useful? What distinctive knowledge would such analyses impart that is not already imparted by literary criticism, the history of literature, and esthetic theory? By what methods, peculiar to psychology alone and unavailable to literary critics, can the psychologist approach the subject of literary creation, or of literary trends? In precisely what respects is an act of literary creation a possible subject for scientific observation and interpretation? What are the objective and observable phenomena accompanying the process of literary creation which can be recorded by a psychologist and which can be used by him as the basis for an illuminating explanation? Can psychologists isolate the factor which determines a literary trend with such accuracy that all investigators will arrive at the same conclusions? Can the analyses of a psychologist be tested and corroborated so that they must be accepted as inescapably true?

Again, Dr. Jastrow writes: "Urges and needs have become the commonplaces of a psychologically enlightened age. The creative urge explains the writer; the need of meaning and completion, or if you prefer, the urge to the life more abundant, explains the reader."

How does the "creative urge" explain the writer? Has Dr. Jastrow ever observed a "creative urge"? Was not the concept of the "creative urge" deduced from the fact that some men create? What is known or knowable about the "creative urge" apart from its manifestation in the behavior of authors? If all that we know of a cause has been deduced from its effect how can we say that the cause "explains" the effect?

Dr. Jastrow admits that the psychologist has little to tell the writer about the technique of writing, that the influence of psychology on literature has been dubious if not altogether unfortunate, and he advises the writer to keep out of the psychological laboratory. And yet he says that the writer and the psychologist, despite the contrasts of their interests and training, "explore the same wealths and poverties, the same aspirations and limitations of the human endowment." Now, if the writer and the psychologist share the same field of investigation one would suppose that the scientific knowledge discovered by the psychologist would be of the greatest value to the literary artist. The more an author knows of the subject of which he writes, other things being equal, the better will be the quality of his work. And yet, as Dr. Jastrow admits, psychology has nothing of value to offer to the writer. There seems to be an anomaly here. Does the explanation of it lie, perhaps, in the fact that the so-called "knowledge" of psychology has a rather tenuous connection with the truth?

Three more questions and I have finished. What is the special knowledge so far revealed by psychology which justifies its existence as a separate science and distinguishes it clearly from biology, sociology, anthropology, psychiatry, physiology, and philosophy? So long as psychologists differ among themselves both as to methods and as to the precise nature of their subject of inquiry is it incumbent upon laymen to take them seriously? And finally so long as Dr. Freud persists in explaining normal human behavior in terms and with concepts derived from his observation of abnormal behavior, why should he be hailed as a prophet of modernity—unless the modern mind itself is tinged, just a little bit, with lunacy?

G. R. WALKER.

Boston, Mass.

Casement Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. Frank Monaghan in his recent letter reiterates the statement that Casement attempted to send two Irish-Americans to reveal to the British Ministers Asquith and Lloyd George the proposed *Aud* expedition. He bases his opinion, first, on the story of a Chaplain of a British prison camp, which appears in Gwynn's book; second, on Casement's own diary; third, on certain articles which appeared in the *Daily Independent* of Dublin.

(1) As to the Chaplain, it was commonly understood amongst Sir Roger's friends that he was violently opposed to the expedition and the contemplated "rising" in Ireland. Furthermore, the Chaplain was not in the political confidence of Casement, with whom he had only a few interviews.

(2) I have carefully read the diaries of Casement as published by Dr. Curry and find no allusion to the two mysterious Irish-Americans.

(3) In regard to the *Irish Independent* articles, I attach no importance to them, for the reason that this publication was hostile to Casement and the Sinn Fein Revolution. Both the author and the reviewer seem to be unaware of the terrific reflection on Casement's honor involved in the allegation, that while he was being consulted, and arranging to take part in the *Aud* expedition, he was actually, at the same time, attempting to betray it and his associates to the British Government.

The statement of Gwynn and the reviewer that the Germans betrayed Casement and the Irish cause is preposterous and is repudiated by those Irish leaders in America and Ireland who were associated with the German negotiations. If Mr. Monaghan will read John Devoy's letter quoted on page 435-436 of Gwynn's book he will see that this most competent authority charged President Wilson's officials with the betrayal. Devoy also says, "It is not true that the Germans treated us badly; they did everything we asked. But they were weary of Casement's impracticable dreams and told us to deal directly with them *here*."

A few days ago I had a talk with Captain Spindler, the commander of the *Aud*, who happens at the moment to be in New York. He informs me that during the fitting out of his ship he was in constant contact and negotiations with Casement, who was most solicitous about the success of his mission to Ireland. He told me that he had several letters from Casement giving him advice and instructions.

Furthermore, I have received a letter from Captain Robert Monteith, the chief political associate of Casement in Germany, who accompanied him in the submarine, from which I quote the following:

"The story of Casement's sending two Irish-Americans to reveal the situation to Grey and Asquith in London is ridiculous in the extreme. You will remember I was with Casement in Berlin during those anxious weeks prior to our sailing for Ireland. We stayed at the Hotel Saxonia, and I never saw or heard of these mysterious Irish-Americans. The story is an aggravated outrage upon truth. Why should letters go to both Grey and Asquith? Why letters at all? Had Casement decided to betray the gun-running expedition he could easily have done so without bothering to send a messenger from Berlin. Heaven knows there were enough British spies in that city to have saved him the trouble."

A perusal of chapter XV in my book, "Breaking the Silence," will show that I was very close to Casement during the period before the departure of the *Aud*, and I entirely endorse the statement of Captain Monteith.

In conclusion I beg to quote a paragraph from the review by Mr. Gwynn of my book, which recently appeared in the Irish magazine *Clongownian*, in which Mr. Gwynn speaks of the writer and his relations with Casement as follows:

"Mr. Gaffney may be an extremist in politics, but he is certainly a magnificent friend, and as long as Roger Casement's memory is cherished by all who hate cruelty and injustice, Mr. St. John Gaffney's name will always be associated with his as the one man who strove valiantly to lessen his difficulties. To have been his friend in the dark moments of his life is an honor which may well compensate for all else in Mr. Gaffney's stormy and frustrated career. Irishmen will always feel a special debt of gratitude to him for his behavior in connection with Casement; and not least for the beautiful though tragic glimpses of him which he gives us in his book."

I repeat again that I never heard of the two mystery Irish-Americans referred to by Mr. Gwynn, and I denounce the story as without a vestige of truth.

T. ST. JOHN GAFFNEY.

Summit, N. J.

Anent Book Reviewing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

The discussion of book reviews and their length in the pages of the *S. R. L.* reminds me of my recent correspondence with Professor R. T. House, editor of *Books Abroad.* I used to feel free to send him a boiled-down notice of three hundred words about works which seemed worthy of attention. He preferred them shorter, especially in the case of novels, but he did not complain seriously when I kept within the limit. Now he is enlarging the scope of his quarterly to include literatures untouched before. Financial considerations hinder the enlargement of the format, and the normal limit for reviews hereafter is fixed at one hundred words. Critics must find their reward in the *tour de force* required by such concision. (There has never been a question of honoraria here; it is merely a question of justice to books and their authors—and to the reading public.) Professor House is convinced that judicious craftsmanship can handle books in the limit he prescribes. He would change slightly the figures of the editors of the *S. R. L.* in their reply to Mr. Morris U. Schappes (Mar. 21, 1931): "We are unhappily impressed by the number of eight hundred word reviews that say in that space what with more careful writing could have been readily packed into three hundred words." Says Professor House: "Crisp, distinctive characterizations of a few sentences each are more useful than columns of colorless recapitulation. . . . Vigorously written notes of a hundred words each are welcome, but usually we have no place for longer ones."

I hope Professor House is right, for his *Books Abroad* has been invaluable in the past to students of foreign languages. His new venture—I have suggested to him that he must allow his reviewers time to reduce—will be well worth watching.

BENJAMIN M. WOODBRIDGE.

Reed College.

The works of Shakespeare are being translated into Chinese for, it is reported, the first time. The three translators are turning the English into Chinese prose which will later be rendered into verse.

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The Reader's Guide

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

TO the omnibuses lately collected in this column for the use of a hostess in the country, add "Sleuths" (Harcourt, Brace), a detective-story anthology selected by Kenneth MacGowan on a brand new principle. This is to make it a book of great (fictional) detectives—Holmes, Dupin, Dr. Thorndyke, Craig Kennedy, Poirot, Lord Peter Wimsey, twenty-three of them in all—selecting each story to show his special method of approach. Best of all, each story is prefaced by a biographical sketch of the detective after the manner of "Who's Who"; the one on Holmes, for instance, will make the book an item for the large and growing number of collectors of Sherlockiana, and the one for Dr. Watson given with it is ideal. This is the detective-anthology for boys, too; it would go beautifully in high-school libraries. I have just received from England (Gollancz) the second series of the huge book published here under the title of "The Omnibus of Crime" (Brewer, Warren & Putnam), but though it is quite as good as the first one I should not bring that up, for it is not yet published here.

K. M., New York, asks for an encyclopedia for home use, as inexpensive as may be. I am often asked this; my reply is usually to go to the nearest library which has several and compare them carefully to see which fits the individual need. But when money must be strictly considered, I suggested "Everyman's Encyclopedia"; that is, I did when it was in print and to people who would put up with pre-war data. But now it has been revised and enlarged, and two volumes in the new form have been published, and I think it would be a good investment—twelve volumes for thirty dollars, small type to be sure, but clear, and in requital, small shelf-room; pictures here and there—though I can't say they add much—and condensed statements of what the family is likely to want to know. The rest of the set is to come out every two months, two volumes at a time.

A. W. B., Falmouth, Mass., says that in the review, about a year ago, of a volume of poems by Oliver Gogarty, in this magazine, mention was made of a parody by Gogarty written upon Keats's "Upon First Looking into Chapman's Homer," which was called the best parody in English. He is especially anxious to get the text of this. It is not in any anthology that I have consulted, and as I have a soft spot for parody I know where to find such collections. It is not in the book reviewed, the only volume of Gogarty's rich, impetuous verse published in this country, "Wild Apples" (Cape-Smith). It is not even in "A Survey of Burlesque and Parody in English," by George Kitchin (Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh and London), a new book that will delight any lover of this delicate art, from its beginnings to the present day. This says that "Keats has somewhat neglected by the parodists; ps the legend that the reviewers has- d his end has kept them off, or perhaps xcessively slow tempo makes him an ial victim." At any rate, it puts e great who are mimicried ement." Certainly the a Photographic Studio," dist than Ronald Knox, re no more than mildly is correspondent, in a second itted that he had himself parodied net, in "On First Looking into Babe Ruth's Homer," which appeared in the *Yale Record* last year. I am told that this parody of Gogarty's appeared in his volume entitled "The Cock," but I am also informed that there are but three copies of this work in existence. Possibly some amateur of parody may know more about it.

M. J., Notre Dame, Ind., asks if correspondence between Henry James and Edith Wharton has been published, and if in any books the two writers are considered together by way of comparison or contrast. There are some twenty or more letters to Mrs. Wharton in the two volumes of the "Letters of Henry James" (Scribner) and in the *Quarterly Review*, 1920, Mrs. Wharton wrote an important article on "Henry James in His Letters." In Mrs. Wharton's "The Writing of Fiction" (Scribner) she calls him the "last great master of the eerie in English"—speaking of "The Turn of the Screw"—and refers elsewhere to "one of those entangled prefaces to the Definite Edition from which the technical axioms ought some day to be piously detached." In Robert Morss Lovett's "Edith Wharton" (McBride) there are continual references to James, from 1902, when her sister-in-law sent him Mrs. Wharton's earlier collections of stories and received a "gently condescending reply" to her *Quarterly* article in 1920. In Régis Michaud's astute survey of "The American Novel To-day" (Little, Brown) there is comparison and contrast, though neither is considered at length, and Frances Newman in "The Short Story's Mutations" (Viking) contents herself with saying in her review of James that "Only Joseph Conrad has ever had a more unfortunate effect on the ideas and the prose of his more immediate disciples than Henry James has had on the ideas and the prose of Ethel Sidgwick and Edith Wharton and Anne Douglas Sedgwick and the whole host of their comrades."

M. B. G., Clayton, N. J., asks for twelve novels or biographies published within the past forty years in which life in an English boys' school is, if not the main subject, at least an important motif. *He has already de Selincourt's "One Little Boy" and Walpole's "Jeremy and Hamlet."* Alec Waugh's "Loom of Youth" (Doran) was written while he was still in school, and made some sensation when it was published in England; it is now out of print. I suppose the stories we like the best are those in which Kipling's Stalky appear; these are now gathered in one volume, "The Complete Stalky" (Doubleday, Doran), with one new story added. Not a few of the longer novels of later years begin either in the nursery or at school, but in Henry Williamson's "The Beautiful Years" (Dutton) the school life is indeed an important *motif*; this is one of four volumes describing the career and idealism of Henry Maddison, of which one, "The Dream of Fair Women" (Dutton), has just appeared in a revised version, a first novel rewritten in the light of longer experience and an interesting study in itself for an investigator of literary methods. John Van Druten's play, "Young Woodley," successful on two continents, has been made by the author into a novel worth serious attention on its own merits and not as a mere "novelization"; it has the same title and is published by John Day, an important addition to the fictional treatment of adolescence. Eden Phillpotts has contributed to school stories two volumes, "The Human Boy" and "The Human Boy and the War," both published by Macmillan, who also publishes H. G. Wells's "Joan and Peter," which is concerned with education in all its aspects, and his "Story of a Great Schoolmaster." Horace Annesley Vachell's "The Hill" (Dodd, Mead) is a story of Harrow that has established itself as a sort of classic. There are a couple of unpleasant but amusing private schools besides Stalky's; in W. L. George's "Caliban," which I continue to insist is as good a novel of English "popular" journalism as there is, even if it is out of print, the hero's career is set during his school course in which he edits a paper, and Osbert Sitwell in his latest volume of short stories, "Dumb Animal" (Coward-McCann), has a school so faithfully portrayed that someone concerned with it took umbrage and had the tale taken out of the British edition, I believe; it is called "Happy Endings." A problem of discipline figures largely in the second volume of the sequence of novels by Warrene Piper of which the first was "Son of John Wintringham" (Houghton Mifflin); in this, Darcy's brother gets into trouble over a matter of schoolboy honor; the title is "The Sun in His Own House." In E. N. Delafield's "A Reversion to Type" (Macmillan) a pathetic instance of a neurasthenic little boy makes a novel salutary to read by any schoolmaster and good for the enlargement of the sympathies of any ordinary citizen.

D. B. C., Brookline, Mass., with six months to spend on letter-reading asks for suggestions beyond those I gave some time ago to a group of young college women who wished to improve their literary style in this way. To them I suggested Mme. de Sévigné, the Brownings, Thackeray's Brookfield letters, Lord Chesterfield's, and others. This inquirer wants letters dealing with personal as well as abstract phases and problems of life, "amusing, witty, brilliant, improving, entertaining"—or anything distinctive.

One might begin with "Private Letters, Pagan and Christian," edited by Dorothy Brooke (Dutton), for a more charming collection it would be hard to find. There are the "Letters of Disraeli to Lady Chesterfield and Lady Bradford" (Appleton, two volumes), which even in brief quotation sparkled on the pages of Monypenny and Buckle's monumental "Life." There are the "Letters of Henry James" (Scribner) above-mentioned, fascinating reading, though I do wish that in correspondence with Mrs. Wharton he did not so interlard his sentences with French tags that they sound in spots like the novel from which Kate Nickleby was reading to Mrs. Wittitterly when Sir Mulberry Hawk came to call. (A pause is indicated while Mrs. Becker takes advantage of an excuse to read once more that peerless passage.) There are the "Letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse to and from Comte de Guibert," edited by Richard Aldington (Dial). There is, speaking of ladies in love, the "Intimate Journal" of George Sand (Day), edited by M. J. Howe, which she sent like a letter to Musset and which his lady friends copied and circulated.

"The Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay" (Dutton) has just reached this desk, and stopped the traffic till I could at least skim through the volume; it is a selection, of course, bringing down the mass of the original to some three hundred well-printed pages, but the selection has been happily made. Somehow no one can make me feel as if I were there, quite so rapidly and convincingly as Fanny Burney. Another admirable book for this reader—or for anyone who likes letters of the great—is the recently published "Private Letter Books of Sir Walter Scott," selected from the Abbotsford Manuscripts, edited by Wilfred Partington, with an introduction by Hugh Walpole, and published by Stokes. Out of the original three thousand letters a great number have been chosen and arranged by singularly attractive subjects, so that one gets first-hand news or gossip by the well-informed—fortunately a good deal of the latter, for news gets into history in time, but good gossip dies upon a whisper and carries away with it into oblivion so much of the spirit of its time!

The indefatigable editor of literary correspondence, Brimley Johnson, has lately given us "Letters of Richard Steele," "Letters of Robert Burns," and "Letters of Laurence Sterne," all published by Dodd, Mead. Lady Charnwood's "An Autograph Collection" (Holt) is an unusual letter-book, for her collection was not of signatures only but of signed letters, and this account of it is full of interest. We have lately had letters of importance to history, such as the "Letters of Gertrude Bell" (Liveright) and the truly explosive "Letters of the Empress Frederick" (Macmillan), which had to be smuggled out of Germany to fulfil her wishes, but were judiciously kept quiet until years had elapsed. The latest of the three volumes of the "Letters of Queen Victoria" has lately been published by Longmans, Green, and anyone would find them absorbing reading, some for one reason, some for exactly another, but everyone for something. By no means leave out the "Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti" (Viking). A sidelight on collaboration of composer and librettist is shown by the "Correspondence of Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal" (Knopf), and a surprisingly rich contribution to the letter-literature of artists—a literature that is in general rich—is in the two volumes of the "Letters of Vincent Van Gogh" (Houghton Mifflin). To come back to America and the present day, there are some charming country letters from an old New England farmer in "Letters from Fraternity to Ben Ames Williams," by A. L. McCorrison, lately published by Dutton; they will make anyone who loves this part of the world slightly—or strongly—homesick, according as he is planning to go back for a vacation or not. Indeed, his homesickness may begin with the sight of the farmstead on the jacket, no picture for a Maine man who must stay in town.

H. M. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., is interested in books of adventure and exploration in South America. He has read Duguid's "Green Hell," Dyott's "Man Hunting in the Jungle," McGovern's "Jungle Paths and Inca Ruins," and Updegraff's "Head Hunters of the Amazon," and asks for others as good. "Misadventures of a Tropical Medico," by Herbert S. Dickey and Hawthorne Daniel (Dodd, Mead), describes thrilling experiences of thirty years, mainly among savages of the Caqueta River country. "Dark Trails," by George K. Cherrie (Putnam), is the report of one who was for forty years explorer, guide, and naturalist; he went with Roosevelt's expedition to the River of Doubt, which he describes in this book. Theodore Roosevelt's own book about this is "Through the Brazilian Wilderness" (Scribner). "Amazon and Andes," by Kenneth Grubb (Dial), is about Upper Amazon, Bolivia, Ecuador, Colombia, and Venezulela, by one who was a missionary during part of the time; it has uncommonly good photographs. "A Traveler of the Sixties," by F. L. Stevenson (Smith), is a selection by Douglas Timino of the writings of an English engineer who experienced much of high importance to later travellers and students, especially the great earthquake and tidal wave of 1868. "Adventures in Peru," by C. H. Prodgers (Dutton), is by another far-flung Briton; he was an acquaintance of Cunninghame-Graham, who on the only occasion on which I had the honor of meeting this Elizabethan gentleman-adventurer told me that one of Prodgers's tales I had been questioning for its wildness was true; he told me, too, that when the old buccaneer's coffin set off through a cold London rain, he had been the only one to follow it. Indeed, I think it but fair that gentleman-adventurers should have rolling gravestones.

E. B., Kansas City, Mo., asks what we have of Ricarda Huch in English. So far as I know, but three novels, though I hope someone may add to this information. These are "Defeat" and "Victory," forming together the historical novel "Garibaldi and the New Italy," published here by Knopf, and a tragic love-story, "Eros Invincible" (Macaulay). I tried my hand some time ago at translating some of her poems for my own pleasure, but I have seen no versions of them in print.

THE NOVEL EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT

SELECTED BY THE LITERARY GUILD

Their own child came between them

Their love was seriously threatened for like so many brides and bridegrooms they knew too little of each other, of the heritage which was concealed until the birth of their son

DWARF'S BLOOD

By EDITH OLIVIER

In Its 66th Thousand

"There is heart-break in this story of a romance fraught with the sorrow of heredity . . a novel rare and fine "—*Brooklyn Citizen*. "The finest novel of this barren year "—*Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph*. "A shining example of what summer fiction should be but seldom is "—*Columbus Citizen*. "A fine, richly colored and absorbing romance . . entertainment of the very first class."—*Montreal Times-Star* "A novel of depth and power written with fragrance and charm "—*San Francisco News* $2.50

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New Books

History

(*Continued from page 75*)

it has been very difficult to reach any satisfactory conclusions as to the true situation.

In preparing this study Dr. Hesseltine has carefully sifted and analyzed the allegations and the evidence and has reported his findings in a commendably judicial spirit. His account amply proves that neither the North or the South had much cause for satisfaction or pride in its prison administration. Malice, incompetency, neglect, and expediency frequently characterized the work of both sides. The suffering in the Southern prisons was the greater and was undoubtedly intensified because of inadequate facilities and the poverty of the government as the war progressed. The North, however, was inclined to ascribe much of the ill-treatment to a deliberate attempt to disable or kill federal captives and so took retaliatory steps against many of the Confederates incarcerated in northern camps. The prisoners paid in suffering for the shortcomings of their superiors, for the political considerations that motivated the governments, and for the psychosis that gripped the minds of Northerners and Southerners alike.

To a large extent the author concerns himself with a narration of the negotiations carried on in attempts to reach agreements for the exchange of prisoners, but he also gives a fair description of prison camps and discloses the part that war psychology played in the handling of the prison problem. One wishes that he had been able to throw more light on the attitude of Lincoln toward the treatment and exchange of prisoners. Why did he not intervene more effectively to remedy the evils existing in the prison system?

The book is written in a sober style, and the account of exchange negotiations is at times rather tedious, but students of the war will surely count Dr. Hesseltine's work a valuable contribution to the history of the period.

International

AMERICA WE NEED YOU. By E. Mueller-Sturmheim. Houghton Mifflin. 1931.

By their almost simultaneous publication of E. Müller-Sturmheim's "America We Need You" and George Duhamel's "America the Menace" Houghton Mifflin are offering to the American public the dote and antidote of European opinion on America. The two books have one feature in common: neither of them is primarily concerned with America as she is on the North-American continent; each is an estimate of what the American way of life might do if generalized in Europe. This review concerns the dote. Müller-Sturmheim's book is a perfect example of what the Germans call the *Bejahung des Amerikanismus.* It is a wholly uncritical acceptance of everything. American education, American democracy, American pragmatism, the Monroe Doctrine, and the Melting Pot are extolled as brilliant solutions to problems with which Europe has never had the courage nor the genius to deal.

To the American Legion, the Americanization committees of our foreign-born milltowns, and the publicity agents of our larger industries, the book will appear to be evidence that one European has at last seen the light. Lyrics such as the following will fall sweetly on their ears:

> The most human, stirring, and gifted of economic thinkers is Henry Ford. . . . To Henry Ford, the machine is the way to restore man's innate dignity; to Gandhi, it signifies the subjection and destruction of man's immortal soul. Here you see two men who look to helping mankind to find their greatest happiness. Although in their choice of means to reach this goal they are so fundamentally different from each other, they are both occupied in making the thought of service heroic. . . . While Ford improves his machine and his methods of production in order to increase the workers' sacred stipend, Gandhi outlaws the machine, not realizing that it is only an instrument misused.

To the rest of us, who are questioning most of the very things the author selects for praise, these phrases sound wordy.

There is one group of Americans, however, to whom the book might render a considerable service. The American Liberals who, disgusted with things American as they are, publish emotional panegyrics on the respective systems of Gandhi and Stalin, might do well to read "America We Need You" and ponder. Identical though Müller-Sturmheim's phrases are with the best gems of Fourth of July oratory, they are, unlike the latter, sincerer. He is trying to draw the wool away from rather than over the eyes of his countrymen. The unreality of his words becomes by consequence significant.

Juvenie

BEETHOVEN: Master Musician. By Madeleine Goss. Doubleday, Doran. 1931.

In her life of Beethoven, Miss Madeleine Goss had grappled most successfully with a tremendous and intractible personality. It is not easy to keep a just proportion between his genius and his human frailties, his loftiness of soul and his violent irritability. It is not easy to show him in his poverty and wretchedness, in his passionate rebellion against his fate, his utter disregard of the merest civilities of life, without detracting from the essential dignity and power that are inseparable from Beethoven. Miss Goss has achieved this balance with great sympathy and adroitness.

Her book should form a very true idea, in a child reader's mind, of much that was the mainspring of the immortal music Beethoven bequeathed to the world. Very naturally and convincingly are the musicians of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries introduced; their relations with Beethoven, their opinions of him, as well as his attitude towards them, are vididly expressed here.

The author touches delicately and charmingly on the mirages of happiness to which the great master reached out in vain; and gives a very fair idea of the enormous difficulties of his friends in preserving any sort of continuous intercourse with him. In a book for children, the heights and depths of such a character can only be faintly indicated, but, within the necessary limits of this book, something of Beethoven's deep suffering and the profound solace and inspiration he found in his art, are truly portrayed.

MAX: The Story of a Little Black Bear. By Mabelle Halleck St. Clair. Harcourt, Brace. 1931. $2.

Max is a delightfully bad little black bear, a real one, who spent an exciting year growing up with Billy and Jane and Sunny. They were real, too, the boy and the girl and the big white collie. Max had a wonderful time and everybody loved him in spite of his badness, or because of it. He kept the whole little community wondering what he would do next and laughing while they wondered.

Children will love him, too, and will laugh at his funny adventures. For his story is pleasantly, sometimes delightfully, told, even though, regrettably, that there are times when the incidents seem related merely as a series of events.

DIGGERS AND BUILDERS. By Henry B. Lent. Macmillan. 1931. $2.

It is impossible to deny the fascination of the great machines that help to build our modern cities. One has only to watch the devoted admirers around any building excavation when the steam shovel is in action to realize the hold on the imagination that this huge, ingenious worker has. Children love machines ordinarily. Indeed, to many they constitute the whole romance of life. And where a child is interested he is intelligent, often uncannily so.

Mr. Lent's idea of interpreting the machine through simple explanations and graphic illustrations is a good one. Unfortunately, he shows that his power of observation in many cases is far less accurate than that possessed by many an eight-year-old machine devotee. Any deviation from precision is a calamity when depicting machinery. In these pictures one finds wheelbarrows with insufficient leverage; false perspective in the erection of steel skyscrapers; derricks overloaded with incredibly large girders, and, last insult to the intelligence, a Ford with a right-hand drive! If a child does not catch the inaccuracies in these pictures, he is no true modern, and when he does, what contempt he may develop for his elders!

LITTLE YUSUF. By Idella Purnell. Macmillan. 1931. $1.75.

This book is catalogued by its publisher as a "travel book for children." And rightly so. For it has the two qualities essential to a travel book—much accurate detail and the capacity to communicate the charm of the unknown.

Yusuf is a Syrian boy living an idyllic life in a hill town of Syria. He and his family lead their lives in a handicraft stage of civilization. All that they need for existence is produced and manufactured by themselves from the products of their little mountainy farm. The propitious climate makes life easy and beauty possible. It is good to know that the meal for Yusuf's bread is still ground between the upper and the nether millstones and that he takes up his bed each morning and walks. Not that the likeness to life in Biblical times will mean much to the modern child. But this may be made an occasion of pointing it out to him.

An attractive feature of the book is the stories told to Yusuf by his grandmother. These are charming Syrian folk tales, and they have much of the quality of the Arabian Nights to which they are doubtless first cousins.

Yusuf is depicted as a normal small boy with normal small boy ambitions. It is gratifying to have him attain one of these in the shape of a baby camel. For he holds to his desire of being a desert trader and camel driver in face of a brief but convincing acquaintance with a European automobile!

Sociology

DJUKAS, THE BUSH NEGROES OF DUTCH GUIANA. By Morton C. Kahn. Viking. 1931. $3.50.

This is an excellently produced book in paper, print, and illustrations. As the author states, the work makes no attempt at being an ethnological or anthropological account in the scientific sense of the words. It is a narrative of personal observation among the Bush negroes. It opens with a vivid account of the early slave days, and of the conflicts that ensued between the settlements of run-away slaves and their former white owners' heirs, culminating in the former slaves' supremacy and collection of annual tribute from the whites. The Dutch still pay this tribute most sensibly to avert unpleasantness and to keep the jungle h land safe at a low cost.

The book proceeds to discuss a stalking game, the foods eaten, th abouts and the chiefs of the fact that descent and in lineal—here a slight begins to enter. We le negroes are "fairly pr marriage and extremely so att according to Briffault, is the ru retaining the matrilineal tradit question arises as to where Mr. Kahn's observation ends here, and Mr. R. Briffault's begins. Later in th we learn that there is a ceremony as with the possibility of a bride goin husband a virgin, and t tected leads to a village again that "where women a terchangeable, romance canr fault quoted in support ag remains that women do n Kahn's own statement to b mutually interchangeable, unless entire villages spend all their time in fighting, an impression that Mr. Kahn does not give in support. An absence of romance is possible under patrilineal institutions, and in strictly monogamous marriage, and seems doubtfully connected by any necessity with Bush negro social institutions.

Mr. Kahn goes on to discuss magic, talk, and West African survivals as shallowly as the family. The close on Bush negro art is better. Mr. Kahn has put down the obvious with some application.

The Compleat Collector.

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Hariot's "Virginia"

THE William L. Clements Library of Ann Arbor, Michigan, following the example of other institutions, has recently reproduced in facsimile its copy of the London, 1588, edition of Thomas Hariot's "Brief and True Report of the New Found Land of Virginia," the first book in English describing the earliest English colony in this country. It is a production of which every one connected with it in any way may be thoroughly proud—the printing and binding are done unusually well; and Dr. Randolph G. Adams's introductory essay is a model of editorial clearness and intelligence. Five perfect copies are known of this quarto: the Bodleian, the University of Leyden, the British Museum (the Grenville copy), the Huntington (the "Drake"-Kalbfleisch-Lefferts-Church copy, reproduced in 1903 with an introduction by the late Luther Livingstone), and the Clements (the Huth copy). The copy in the New York Public Library, acquired by Mr. James Lenox from Henry Stevens, is imperfect, as six leaves have been supplied in facsimile. Between the 1588 quarto and the folio edition printed at Frankfurt by Theodore de Bry in 1590 there has always been a certain amount of confusion: John Thomas Payne and Henry Foss who, during the early nineteenth century, made the catalogue of the Grenville books, entered both editions under De Bry, while the Bohn edition of Lowndes's "Bibliographer's Manual" follows their mistake. The Bodleian Library, with complete disregard for chronology, gives the main entry in its catalogue to the de Bry printing, and adds, "Same in English, London, 1588." Dr. Adams, by his careful work has now succeeded in removing all possibility of any further confusion—bibliographical writing as satisfactory and as excellent as his is found much too infrequently. G. M. T.

THE year just ended—the book-collecting world seems to copy the academic by extending from July to July—has not been especially notable in any way. Prices, so far as auction sales were concerned, remained about the same for really valuable books, but as few of these appeared, it is not possible to draw wise conclusions. To the annoyance and perhaps the disgust of their American colleagues, several of the more important English dealers in the early spring issued catalogues with what they frankly called reduced prices—the Elkin Mathews people, the most articulate of the London booksellers, whose essays on collecting, printed as introductions to catalogues, have become something to watch for, began the movement, and were followed by such firms as Birrell & Garnett, and Davis & Orioli. It is true that the books treated in this fashion were not the rarest and most expensive items that can always be depended upon to go up continuously, but at least for the time being, false values were thrown away, and collectors could buy without feeling as if their books were depriving them of food and clothing. The New York dealers did nothing in particular: their prices maintained the usual levels, and everyone waited for whatever might happen next. No one wished to believe that the future was hopeless, and one or two incurable optimists even printed their happy convictions in catalogues. An institution called the Thousand Dollar Book Shop made its appearance in New York, and issued a pamphlet describing some of its possessions—this also might be considered an indication of confidence in the future. The publications intended for the use of collectors were most interesting: in this country, the *Colophon* continued its dignified and useful career, while in England a new periodical, the *Book-Collector's Quarterly*, brought out more or less under the guardianship of the First Editions Club of London, established itself easily as an influence of unusual power. The *Fleuron* was brought to an end amid a deluge of deserved tributes. Mr. Michael Sadleir's series "Bibliographia," to which he contributed a notable first volume, "The Evolution of Publishers' Binding Styles," one of the best studies of a definite bibliographical problem that has been published, has included Mr. R. W. Chapman's authoritative book on "Cancels," and Mr. Greville Worthington's "Bibliography of the Waverley Novels," both of them extremely interesting and extremely well done. Lord Esher's catalogue of his library; Mr. T. J. Wise's catalogue of his Dryden collection; Mr. Seymour DeRicci's "English Collectors of Books and Manuscripts" (an invaluable book of reference); and Mr. Holbrook Jackson's "Anatomy of Bibliomania" (published in two overpowering volumes), were all important. Of the American books, the catalogue of the Isham-Boswell papers, prepared by Professor and Mrs. Frederick A. Pottle for the Grolier Club exhibition, and published later by the Oxford University Press, and Miss Bertha Coolidge's catalogue of the Frank Altschul

(*Continued on next page*)

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collection of Meredith, were by far the most distinguished. The catalogue of the Wordsworth collection formed by Mrs. St. John and given to Cornell University, was worthy but dull; the Check-list of Emily Dickinson material in the Jones Library at Amherst had small value for anyone except more biographers of Miss Dickinson; and Mr. Richard Curle's "Collecting American First Editions" was much too diffuse and rambling to be of permanent value. Miss Miriam Lone's "Some Noteworthy Firsts," devoted entirely to incunabula, was unpretentious and intelligent. From the Quarto Club came a third volume of most delightful "Papers." Mr. D. V. Stiles did a good bibliography of Sir James M. Barrie, and Mr. Ralph Sanborn worked honestly and with perhaps too much sense of responsiibility on the publications of Eugene O'Neill. It is unnecessary to mention several other books; for various reasons they were disappointing, and occasionally even poor. But at last there is cause to suppose that commercial publishers, for whom it is seldom possible to say any kind words, have realized the existence of book-collecting as something more than a form of mild insanity. This is a kind of advance—whether or not it will mean anything permanent, only midsummer of the next years will show.

G. M. T.

A Parisian Bibliophile

THE MIRROR OF THE PARISIAN BIBLIOPHILE. A satirical tale by ALFRED BONNARDOT. Translated and edited by THEODORE WESLEY KOCH. Illustrated by JOSÉ LEONGORIA. Chicago: 1931.

MR. KOCH has added another volume to his translations of French stories about bookmen, and a very charming volume it is. The story can best be summarized in the words of the author: it is "the portrait of a bouquiniste drawn by a lover of old books. This character is not, in its aggregate, that of any known bibliophile. It is composed of traits drawn from here and there by the author who has often had occasion to study his colleagues in bibliomania; and he has philosophically satirized himself, in some instances, in order to complete his sketch." The story of M. Vechel, the hunter of old books, must be read to be enjoyed: any transcript of Mr. Koch's delightful translation could not do it justice. Suffice that it is redolent of books and collecting, and has, of course, the usual French triangle!

Typographically the book is delightfully gotten up. It is set in a large, clear French face of type, and printed on white wove paper by the Lakeside Press under supervision of Mr. Kittredge. The admirable line drawings by José Longoria are all that illustrations should be, and they have been printed throughout the text in a sepia ink. The format is very suitable to the contents, and the book easy to hold and to read.

Mr. Koch has provided a preface and eighteen pages of erudite and entertaining notes. Altogether this is a little volume of the sort which come along all too seldom, but which, when it does come, serves to show that the writing and printing of books about books and book collectors is a fascinating diversion for the book lover. Mr. Koch's books are always interesting both in form and contents.

R.

Vermont Books

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN SERIES. Edited by ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH. Brattleboro, Vermont: Stephen Daye Press. 1931. $1.50 a volume.

VERMONT VERSE, an Anthology, edited by W. J. COATES and F. TUPPER.

VERMONTERS, a Book of Biographies, edited by W. H. CROCKETT.

VERMONT FOLK-SONGS AND BALLADS, edited by H. H. FLANDERS and G. BROWN.

VERMONT PROSE, a Miscellany, edited by A. W. PEACH and H. G. RUGG.

IT has always seemed to me that American presses could profitably specialize more than they do, and that, especially on the Atlantic seaboard, this specialization might well take the form of historical and literary material pertinent to the locality where the press has its home. For this reason it is with peculiar pleasure that I have received the four volumes above enumerated, issued from the newly established Stephen Daye Press at Brattleboro, Vermont. Brattleboro has an interesting publishing history, as well as a considerable modern reputation for fine printing, and it is well that both activities should be cherished.

The four small twelve mos. at hand are devoted to the preservation of Vermont's history and letters. They make volumes of two hundred and fifty odd pages each, well printed in clear type on pleasant laid paper, and bound simply in cloth with gold stamping. As a publishing venture they are admirable examples of restraint and modesty in printing, for they are well done and yet they sell for only $1.50 a volume. I strongly commend these books and the idea back of them.

R.

SALT OF VERMONT. By WALTER HARD. Brattleboro: Stephen Daye Press. 1931. $2.

HERE are four-score stories of Vermont, told in free verse. They have the tang and dry mirth of New England—if typical of Vermont, they could probably be matched by others from at least four of the New England states of equal savor: George Bryan has done much the same thing in his excellent "Yankee Notions." Anyone native to New England will recognize the accuracy of the delineations, will probably be able to match the episodes. They do not equal as poetry the work of Robert Frost, but they seem to me infinitely more like New England—at least the rural Yankee land which existed before the French-Canadians, Poles, Portuguese, and Italians came to hopelessly mix up the mores, adulterate the language, and change the landscape. They are redolent of the hard, biting humor of the Yankee, now driven into the little lost valleys and shabby, neglected settlements. They reflect a life which was hard and in many ways unlovely, but which had its compensations other than transcendentalism and social crusading.

The book is simply but neatly printed, and is bound in calico. It is a good book to issue from Vermont.

R.

A Sumptuous "Vanity Fair"

THACKERAY'S VANITY FAIR. Introduction by GILBERT K. CHESTERTON. Illustrations by JOHN AUSTEN. Oxford: Printed for the Limited Editions Club (New York) by Oxford University Press. 1931.

THE current issue of the Limited Editions Club is a sumptuous, almost a monumental, edition of "Vanity Fair." Of course the first question to be raised by such a large book (and there are two volumes) will be "Why so large?" Thackeray's novel in the Everyman's Library makes a tidy little twelve-mo. which can be read easily and put in the pocket; so, why a great two-volume edition measuring 7½x11½ inches? The answer is, of course, that the handy-volume editions exist in many forms, and that it was arguable that a new edition should be in the nature of an *édition de luxe* for those who would have a really fine printing of the story, well illustrated.

The type is Baskerville, well leaded. The paper is a thick white wove, mould-made sheet from the Archer Mill. The margins, press work, etc., are all that one would expect from the Oxford University Press under Mr. John Johnson's direction. The binding is a lovely printed paper, with cloth back, and the slip case is covered with the same paper.

The illustrations are full-page drawings in line by John Austen, hand-colored in Paris. It is impossible to give a hint of the delicacy of this coloring, obtained by a peculiar manipulation of the pigment, but the effect is quite different from the ordinary *pouchoir* method. The pictures are full page, and there are many of them. They alone would lend the book great distinction.

The issuing of such a set of volumes for $10 means, of course, that the members of the Limited Editions Club are getting a good deal for a very little, since these volumes might easily be worth thirty or forty dollars. They are really very excellently printed, and form what must be one of the finest library editions of "Vanity Fair" ever printed. And it is the best printed book yet issued by the Club.

R.

Some time ago a Berlin correspondent wrote to the London *Observer* as follows:

"A change in the publishing world is agitating bookish circles in Germany. Hitherto the cheap edition was limited to the wonderful 'Reclam' classics, paper-covered, in miniature form, magnificent of their kind, but scarcely books for giving as presents, since they could be purchased from automatic machines — food therefore only for the poor student and general public hungry for good literature. There were no 'popular editions.' The German book, considered from time immemorial as the proper present for Christmas, birthdays, and confirmations, cost anything from eight to fifteen shillings, was always handsomely bound, and, if a publisher had any ambitions appeared as well in an édition de luxe.

"Since the national fortunes declined and the middle classes could no longer afford this sum for books the trade has suffered enormously. A way out was discussed. It was found last year by a very enterprising house in a 'popular' half-crown edition of the best-seller of a season or so back. This example was followed by another firm in a popular edition of Thomas Mann's 'Buddenbrooks,' which always has a steady sale at its original price. The publisher's act was indeed looked upon as something almost altruistic, a contribution to the nation's culture. The poor boy of today was to have his Thomas Mann as well as his richer relative of fifteen years or so ago. But the publishing house had no cause to repent its good deed. There was a 'Buddenbrooks' renaissance: it was discovered that Germans who buy cheap editions today far outnumber those who bought expensive ones before the war. Other publishers are following suit, and a general move towards the cheap popular form of the recognized 'good' book appears probable.

"All would indeed have gone well had not another publisher just brought out an entirely new work by a recognized author at three-and-sixpence. This has upset the retail as well as the wholesale trade. 'What will the seven-and-sixpenny public say?' is the wail of the booksellers whose eight-mark volume was their chief standby."

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
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The PHŒNIX NEST

THE *Phœnician* has been heard from—from California, whence he sends us mingled praises of the scenery, the climate, and the vacationing Mr. *Longwell*, of Doubleday, Doran, who, at the moment of writing, was vanquishing his hostess, *Kathleen Norris*, at backgammon. As to whether Mrs. Norris was at work on a new novel, or whether her husband, Mr. *Charles G. Norris*, had another one-syllable entitled romance under way, the Phœnician said never a word, nor of any other literary achievement that might be burgeoning in the Golden Poppy state where usually something important is sprouting. We wonder whether he will meet *W. W. Jacobs*, a collection of whose best stories under the title, "Snug Harbor," Scribner's is just issuing, and who is in Oakland, "seeing America" for the first time. Mr. *Cyril Clemens*, President of the International *Mark Twain* Society, who gives us this bit of information about Mr. Jacobs, adds that he is sure it will be of interest to those of our readers who have "laughed over 'Many Cargoes' and shivered over 'The Monkey's Paw.'" We recommend the new anthology of Jacobs's stories as happy reading for muggy summer days. Oh, woe is us! It's not to be had, even if you want it,—not, at least, until August twenty-eighth when the bookshops will release it. Well, never mind, ten to one the days will still be muggy then. Yes, it's not the heat. . . .

Incidentally, you don't have to worry as to getting a plenitude of reading matter for the coming months. For the editors of the revised edition of "Everyman's Encyclopædia" tell us that it will take you two hundred years reading a hundred words a day to get through the twelve small volumes from *A* to *Z* which Dutton is now in process of publishing. Even if you increase your allotment somewhat the work ought to last for quite a time. And we can imagine far less interesting reading than is contained in this useful brief encyclopædia which includes an amazing number of items and is as likely to yield the thing you need as was the inexhaustible bag of the Swiss Family Robinson. . . .

We've been fighting away from the subject, but *Bernard Shaw's* too strong for us. He's back in the news again, this time in the guise of a musical composer. Sotheby's, in London, is announcing as one of the articles it has for sale a letter from G. B. S. to a *Mrs. Radford*, sending her a setting for one of her songs for a tenor voice. "The music is trumpery enough," he writes, "but I am not a composer, and only prefer to be tremendous in the volume of a novel." And our much revered friend, Mr. *J. Ranken Towse*, who is back from England on a visit, having persuaded the American consul in London that almost seventy years residence in this country entitled him to a visa, tells us that Shaw's visit to Russia seems to have done for him in his home land. . . .

Well, now that we've dispatched Shaw, and that we have no soup to hymn, perhaps we can get down to books. Doubleday, Doran, or, to be specific, *Page Cooper*, has just thoughtfully sent us a bound copy of *V. Sackville West's* forthcoming "All Passion Spent" over which we pored in manuscript form a month or two ago and now are glad to own. It is a suavely written book with a heroine of eighty and all its other principal characters of hardly less years, which manages to make its leading lady as interesting and imperative a figure as youth itself could be. It probes deeper, we think, and shows a finer sensitiveness to character than did the author's "Edwardians." . . .

We've been wanting for a long time to communicate our enthusiasm for a book which the Viking Press is to bring out this fall. It's indiscreet, no doubt, for "Job" won't be published for some weeks to come, but we can't silence any longer our liking for this translation of *Joseph Roth's* tale of a Russian Jew. It is full of tenderness and beauty, and though it is surprisingly sentimentalized at the end, is on the whole so genuine in its emotion, so restrained in the handling of situations now and again almost unbearably painful, so nice in the discrimination with which its episode is chosen, and so poignant—there is no other word for it but that much abused one—in its projection of character that it is a book to read and remember. It is translated by *Dorothy Thompson, Sinclair Lewis's* wife, and, after the first few chapters which are not quite so unlabored as the later, admirably translated. . . .

"Believe it or not," *Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars*, curator of Mammals and Reptiles in the New York Zoölogical Park, recently turned up in the offices of the Macmillan Company with his pockets bulging with small linen bags out of which, when opened, emerged not cats but snakes. That was by way of instilling into the Macmillan salesmen, through ocular demonstration, enthusiasm for his book, "Snakes of the World," which they are about to distribute to the bookshops. Well, if the choice is put up to us, as it won't be and as it wasn't to the salesmen, we'll take the book and let Dr. Ditmars keep his reptiles. . . .

But we dally. And now we see our space is getting so short that we'll have to gasp our titles out, without stopping for breath or punctuation, in the fashion of Miss *Susan Nipper*. Here goes. We'd like to direct your attention to (they're in the future, but never mind) *James Truslow Adams's* "The Epic of America," which, when Little, Brown publishes it, will provide as interesting a presentation of the pageant of American history as you've seen in many a day, and to "They That Take the Sword," by *Esmé Wingfield-Stratford*, which Morrow, we hope, won't think it ill-advised of us to mention at so early a date, and to a lovely (we use the word deliberately) volume of verse which is coming in September from the John Day company, and is called "The Signature of Pain," and is by *Alan Porter*, who is a new English poet (we told you we were going to be Nipperishly regardless of style), and to a picaresque tale by *Christopher Ward*, who has frequently written parodies for the *Saturday Review*, and which we're not even sure has a name yet, and which we know Simon & Schuster haven't set up yet, and to "Susan Spray," by *Sheila Kaye-Smith*, which Harper's is on the very verge of publishing and the Book-of-the-Month Club of sending out. And now we are really out of breath and shall have to stop till the next time. . . .

As we said, nipperishly,

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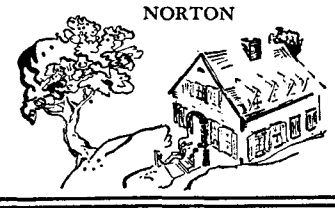

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